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Platform Readings

By
LILIAN HOLMES STRACK

BOSTON
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HER FIRST BASEBALL GAME

SCENE.—*A ball park, grand stand section.*
OCCUPANTS.—*Several thousand enthusiasts.*

(*Enter* JOHN WILLIAMS, *and his fiancée,* BLANCHE OWENS. BLANCHE *speaks.*)

Has it started? . . . It has? . . . The third? Well, goodness, how many acts do they have to-day, do you know? (*She sits down.*) Oh, well, if they have that many we'll soon get the story.

(*She looks around.*) Just look at all these people! What *are* they yelling about? I never saw anything like it in my life! . . . Hit? . . . Who was? . . . Well, don't they like him? . . . Well, they don't act like it—they seem glad he got hit. . . . They ARE glad! Well, I hope they never like me, then, if they like Smith and are glad he got hit. . . . Not GOT hit, but got A hit? . . . Oh! . . . What do they do

when they get a hit? . . . Well, I don't see anything wonderful in that.

Well, I think the whole trouble is with the fellow who is trying to throw. . . . Who? . . . Well, I don't care who he is, the poor fellow can't throw a thing they can hit. . . . I'd think he'd know that people don't want to come out here in the heat and sit all afternoon, and then have him throw such poor pitches they can't hit them. . . . Well, there was only one fellow that did.

Now what are they yelling about? . . . Stole a base? . . . Did they catch him at it? . . . Well, if they didn't catch him at it, how do they know it was he? It might have been someone else. . . . Saw him? . . . Why, you just said they didn't! . . . Why, John Williams, you did, too! You said they didn't catch him. . . . Well, I haven't seen anybody even TRY to catch him. He just stands there grinning—he doesn't act the least bit ashamed of himself. He's probably a hardened criminal, don't you think?

I can't help but feel sorry for him, though. Do you suppose they will arrest him? What? They WANTED him to

steal it? . . . Well, for goodness sake! Why, what kind of people come to ball games, anyway?

(*She turns and looks at the crowd.*) They do look funny. John, just look at their expressions—so strained and . . . three and two, you say —— . . . Well, why did they groan? Why, it was the first ball that had been hit good to-day.

The center field caught the fly. . . . Oh, center fielder? Which is he? . . . Way out there? . . . You don't mean to say they could see him catch a fly way out there. . . . Well, why doesn't he take a fly swatter, it would be a lot quicker. . . . Caught it in his hands? Well, all I have to say is that he is a mighty big fellow to stand around catching flies—and right out there in the sun, too! If he had any sense he'd go over in the shade.

What did the auctioneer say to the thrower? . . . Oh, isn't he the auctioneer? . . . I thought auctioneers always count to three, or something like that. . . . Oh, he is the umpire—I see, and the thrower is the pitcher. . . . Pitcher, did you say, John? . . . And you say that is his box he is standing on?

. . . Why, no, he isn't—he is standing right on the ground. . . . Maybe he is tall enough without a box, do you think?

What are those things scattered around —that look like little sacks of sugar? . . . Bases? . . . Oh! . . . And that is a plate? . . . A plate, did you say, John? . . . Well, do they have cups and saucers, too? . . . Well, I didn't know, you said they had pitchers and plates. . . . Do they serve refreshments? . . . Oh! Nothing but goose eggs? . . . My! I'd think they would soon get tired of them, wouldn't you?

Did you hear what the EMPIRE said? . . . He said Ball One—just as if he thought the man might be throwing—I mean, pitching—two. . . . Oh! . . . He calls it a ball when it doesn't strike the knocker, is that it? . . . Well, I don't understand—what made that fellow go over there? He hadn't done a single thing. . . . Walk? No, he didn't, he ran—I saw him. . . . No, the Empire did not walk him, nor the thrower—I mean pitcher, either. He went over by himself.

My, did you hear that crack? That

was a good one! Well, what are they moaning about? . . . Caught a fowl? . . . Well, how ridiculous! . . . Well, they must be in a hurry for it to stop and catch it in the middle of the game. Maybe it was the goose that laid all the goose eggs, do you think?

Now, what's the matter? (*She grows very excited.*) They won't—John, you don't think they will kill him, do you?

Why, he didn't do a thing? . . . What makes them call HIM a robber, when it was the other fellow who stole the base? . . . Well, I don't care if he is —they shouldn't kill him, anyway—well, they ought to give him a trial, first!

That man threw a pop bottle! . . . Mercy, I'm glad they are quieting down a little. . . . I believe that EMPIRE is the bravest man I ever saw! He never ran a bit, and every one wanting to kill him. . . .

What did that man do? . . . Fanned? . . . Oh! Well, why doesn't he get a fan, then, instead of whirling that bat around? That does not make much breeze. . . . I suppose he got hot standing there in the sun. . . . He ought to be glad to get back into the shade,

but he acts cross. . . . My, I'll bet his wife has to watch out for him!

I think it is extremely warm to-day, don't you? I don't see why they play when it is so hot. I imagine it was nice and cool here yesterday. I read the paper last night, so I would understand the game to-day, and it said that there were over five thousand fans here yesterday. . . . Were they electric fans, do you think? . . . Part of them. . . . I see!

Which is our gang? . . . Team? . . . Do you mean to say they take a team right out there where those men are? . . . Well, it looks like they would get an automobile, doesn't it?

Don't you think I'm learning the game rapidly? . . . There isn't much to learn, really. . . . It is very simple. But I just can't understand why people make such a fuss about it.

Now what? . . . Who did? . . . Short? Oh, you mean the little fellow over by the fence! . . . That fellow right there? . . . Why, he isn't short —— Oh, I know, you call him short, because he is tall, just for a joke. . . .

They all belong to the Union, don't

they? . . . Well, I've been hearing them talk about a strike all afternoon.

Look! That fellow has a muzzle on! What's the matter with him? . . . Best man on the team, you say? Do you know him? Well, it's a funny muzzle, anyway. S.H.! . Did he ever try a gas-mask, do you think? . . . Oh, you think the EMPIRE needs it more?

Well, what in the world is the matter? . . . I never saw such crazy-acting people! . . . A tie? . . . Is that what they were playing for? It is a tie apiece? . . . It was?—But—John! Look at those people, screaming and whooping! And look—where are they going? Home? . . . Oh! They played for a tie apiece, and the ——— (*Local favorite.*) knocked a home run! I see, when they knock a home run then we run home, is that it? Why, that is very simple, isn't it? . . . I suppose that if they don't knock a home run they just keep on playing. . . . (*Gets up.*)

Well, I hope you are satisfied, finally, now that I've been to a baseball game with you!

And John Williams said that he was!

THE JOYS OF THE OPEN ROAD

SCENE.—*A moving automobile on a public highway.* OCCUPANTS—MR. AND MRS. GEORGE THOMPSON.

(MRS. THOMPSON *speaks.*)

George, for pity sakes, don't drive so fast! . . . Well, I can see the speedometer if you can't. . . . If you want to commit suicide that is all right, but do it some other way—there is no use wrecking the car and injuring your family. . . . Oh, very well. . . . Drive faster, George—much faster. . . . Don't let my pleasure interfere with yours. . . . Just so you enjoy it, it doesn't matter about me. I love the thought of lying mangled and scattered along the highway.

Oh, look! Isn't that a goat? Over there! Right by that barn!

(*Bumps.*)

Well, for goodness sake, why don't you look where you are driving? . . . Well, you nearly broke my neck. . . . Not

that you would care, but at least try to save the top of the car as much as you can.

I asked you to look? . . . You say you don't have to look for a goat—that you are it? Oh, don't try to be funny!

This is a new pavement, isn't it? Where are we going? . . . Well, I don't want to go there. . . . Well, I know that we have never been there but I know that I don't want to go. . . . I don't care where we go, so long as we don't go there. . . . Well—I have that kind of a feeling. . . . I can always tell when I am going to like places or people by the feeling I have. . . . Who? . . . Well, that was an exception.

Well, now what are you going to do? . . . Get some gas? . . . Oh, don't stop here. . . . Well, we can find a place a little farther out where we can get a soda or something. . . . Oh, I'm sure there's enough.

What kind of a car was that? Why, George Thompson, do you mean to say that you would let a car like that pass us? . . . Well, of course I don't want you to race, but there is no sense in merely *crawling!*

Oh, just look at that lovely little road!

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See? Oh, let's take it and see where it goes. I read a poem once about a little road like that, and it was lovely! . . . What was lovely? Why—well—the poem and the road. . . . You don't think that road looks very lovely? . . . All right. . . . No, drive just where you want to go. . . . You will, anyway. . . . Oh, don't turn off on my account. . . .

Well, it may be just a little jiggly at first, but it will soon be fine, you mark my words. There is something so different about a road like this—not a bit like that highway. . . . You'll say it's not? . . . Well, of course, if a little jiggle hurts you, turn back. . . . You say I am the one who always objects to that? Why, George Thompson, I do not. . . . Well, we won't discuss it. . . . Well, I know what the poem said. What? . . . Well, I didn't hear what you said, you muttered so. . . . Nothing poetic about this kind of a road? . . . Well, perhaps you can't feel the poetry of it. . . . You can feel that you are about out of gas?

Well, I suppose so. . . . Why in the world you couldn't get gas when you

had a chance is more than I know. . . . What? . . . The idea! . . . Well, we won't discuss it.

Oh, stop! Isn't that ducky?

Well, what's the matter? Well, if nothing is the matter why did you stop? . . . I said to—why, no, dear, I just wanted you to slow up to look at that little chicken. . . . It was perfectly adorable. . . . There was something about it that reminded me of that Russian Fitch cape I've wanted for so long.

That is good looking corn, isn't it? . . . Rye? . . . You mean that stuff growing right out there in the field is rye? . . . I didn't know they could grow it since prohibition. . . . They can? . . . Well, it is pretty, anyway.

Isn't that a pretty hill? Looks like everything is washed away but the mortgage, you say? How do you know that it is mortgaged? I thought you had never been out this way. . . . Oh, you think it *looks* that way. . . . Well, I think it looks pretty. I'd like to have a dress that color.

(*Bumps several times. Pantomime this carefully.*)

Oh, dear! I don't believe I ever saw such driving. I've never been so bounced in my life! You say the roads are terrible? . . . Well, so is the driving. Oh, the approach to the bridge was out, was it?

Well, if you don't like this road, why don't you turn off? You say there hasn't been anything to turn off on? Hasn't there? . . . Well, why don't you turn around? Oh, I don't think the road is too narrow. . . . Well, of course right here it is, but we surely have passed wider places. . . .

Well, we can't go on like this. I hated to have you come out on this road. Some way I felt right from the start that you had made a mistake in coming out on it. There has been one very peculiar thing—and—well, have you noticed that the road gets less and less all the time? I think we'd better go back.

Yes, that ditch is too deep to turn right here, but do turn the first chance. . . . I can't help it, I am nervous, away off the road, and lost—and it getting dark. . . . What is that, do you think? . . . Over there? . . . You don't see anything? . . . Well, something

moved in that field. . . . You think it was a cow? . . . What makes you think so, when you didn't even see it? What would a cow be doing out there by itself, anyway?

Oh, de-ar! George, we'd better go back. . . . What? We have to hope for a filling station in this direction? You say we don't dare to turn back, for we could never make it? But, George, there simply couldn't be a filling station on this road—we haven't met a single auto. . . . You think there may be another road over here some place?

(*Bumps.*) Well, I am not complaining. . . . I only wish I was home. . . . Poetic? . . . I never knew anything less poetic in my life—I feel that I don't ever want to hear the word again! That is all right to *write* about, but, George, you know as well as I do that nobody would write poetry about such a road as this one.

Oh, you think they walked along the road? . . . Well, now, I suppose that would be different. . . . Some time we will try it. It will be something to look forward to. . . . I am so glad you thought of that! Of course it would

make all the difference in the world. It would be poetic if just you and I were walking and strolling along here, wouldn't it? I'd just love it!

Well, what are you stopping for? . . . For a stroll? Oh, George, how ridiculous! WHAT? OUT OF GAS? Oh, George, what can we do? . . . Take the poetic stroll? Oh, don't get one of your silly, funny spells! . . . Do I want to go with you, or do I want to stay with the car? . . . I don't want to do either one. I can't walk—but I am not going to stay here with that cow, either. . . . That was back a few miles? . . . Well, it could come!

We will take to the open road, you say, and hope for a house with a Lizzie? You will take my hand and we will stroll poetically? Well, we may have to stroll, but I won't do it poetically! A person may write poems when they are comfortable, but you can never tell me that anybody walking along this road in two-inch French heels feels poetic! That is *not* the word!

VIVA EMPLOYS SOME "AIDS TO BEAUTY"

SCENE.—*A living-room. Discovered*—HELENE, *waiting.*

(*Enter* VIVA, *who speaks.*)

Hello, Helene! 'Scuse the delay, please, but you see I have a lot to live up to to-day. Look me over. (*She poses.*) Class? Absolutely. It was terrible, but it was worth it. Just listen to my tale of woe.

(*She sits down. While talking she looks at her nails, giving them an occasional polish, fusses with her hair, etc.*)

You know, naturally, having heard about it for several weeks, and having given me that precious vanity to commemorate the event, that yesterday was my seventeenth birthday. Yes, sir-ee! Yesterday I celebrated the first, last and only seventeenth birthday I ever had, and what is more to the point, that I ever hope to have. What a day, my dear, what a day!

Really, Helene, you've no idea how perfectly speechless with joy I was over that vanity—even if I did call you up and rave for an hour about it. It is absolutely right! That rouge is just as far from my natural coloring as can be! I love it! So often when I put on rouge it is absolutely wasted! I always have so much of this old pink in my cheeks that a little more of the same color doesn't show. This is such a lovely orange and anybody would know it was rouge, and not mere youth and health. Mother said I'd better not let her catch me using it, and I said I wouldn't. And I meant it. She will never, never catch me if I can help it, believe me!

Well, how about the general effect? (*She turns her head slowly.*) Great, isn't it? And just look at my nails! Did you ever see anything besides the sun with a shine like that? You did not!

At breakfast yesterday Dad was unusually good. He said he was revering my age! Of course I *had* remarked now that I was seventeen I should be allowed some privileges. Anyway, he gave me five dollars, and said that I could spend it as my age and discretion directed, but that he advised a limousine, a diamond neck-

lace, or a membership in an old lady's home.

Helene, my mind functioned instantly. I knew where that money would go! You see, I had to go down to a specialist's to let him look at my tonsils and tell me they were all right. He also looked at my eyes, and he said they were all right, but they are not—they should be fully two sizes larger with long curly lashes. Say, they diluted a man's eyes while I was in there! Actually! . . . What? DILATED? No, my dear, DILUTED! Well, I was there and I saw them put the liquid in!

Well, of course I knew my eyes were in good condition, even if I did have the headache all last week. I had to have some excuse, so I said I thought perhaps it was over-study! I didn't think it was fair to my parents to tell them about our eating contest. Parents have such peculiar ideas about such a lot of things, and I knew that I could never make them see the desirability of an ice-cream and pickle eating contest. And anyway, I don't KNOW that that is what caused my headache.

Well, from there I went straight to the beauty doctor's. With my five dollars

clasped close to my heart, I entered. Now, behold the result! Aren't I wonderful?

First I had a marcel. For seventeen years I've worn straight hair, and now, when I am almost decrepit with old age, I wave! And oh, Helene! Long may I wave! I look at least twenty-five, don't I? Or anyway twenty-three. They marcelled and they bob curled me, and—if you have tears, prepare to shed them now—they de-eyebrowed me! It was awful, but it was worth it! I didn't dare have any more removed. I really wanted just a single line, but I knew the parents! Then I was manicured! Look! I told them I wanted the highest possible polish—and I got it. A person needs dark glasses around me! I still had some money left, so I got a facial. I thought I would die! They put some plaster of Paris or something all over my face, and left me, and for what they said was one-half hour I could not speak! Not my voice—my lineaments were petrified! They said it was a half hour, but in my private opinion it was two weeks.

After that I used your vanity—or mine, rather. Lip stick and all, although I rubbed it off before I went home.

Then I went to a movie. I arrived at our domicile just as the family sat down to the evening meal. Helene, there are some things which cannot be expressed in mere words. The amazement of my family at my beautiful and sophisticated appearance is one of them!

I must say they reacted differently. Mother nearly passed on, really, but after one gasp Dad simply HOWLED! That didn't help the situation ANY! Mother grew more and more frigid. I think it was the eyebrows that broke the camel's back,—although the marcel and manicure got theirs. Finally Dad came to the rescue. It was when Mother said that she had always hoped and believed that a child of hers would have more brains than to do a thing like that! Dad laughed and said that it had been forced upon his attention that a girl's brains were not located in her eyebrows. He said his best office worker was long on brains and almost minus on eyebrows.

Well, it was a royal battle, and raged for hours—or anyway until the dessert arrived, then Mother smiled, and told about some of the crazy things she did when she was seventeen. I, for once, and by a great

force of will power, held my tongue, but I do not consider that I did anything crazy!

Look at me now—as is—and then visualize me as I was. Two days ago just a plain, simple, healthy looking female human, obviously sixteen years old and no older. To-day, from all appearances, a woman of the world—at least old enough to vote. Is it worth five dollars? I'll say it is—of anybody's money—especially Dad's.

(*Sighs.*) Helene, how does it happen that people don't die of old age before they ever reach their twenties?

PATIENCE, PATIENTS!

SCENE.—*The waiting-room of a doctor's office. Discovered—numerous patients, waiting.*

(*Enter* MRS. DE BROWN, *a fashionably dressed woman, with several packages in her hands. She rushes to the girl at the desk.* MRS. DE BROWN *speaks.*)

How do you do? I must see the doctor at once! . . . What? . . . Take my turn?

(*She looks around at the other people waiting.*)

Do you mean to say that I must wait until all these other people have been in to see him? . . . Oh, but my dear, I'm much too sick a woman for that! MUCH! . . . Besides, I am not through shopping yet, and I thought that this would be a good time to rest a minute,—but I can't wait—I simply have to buy a wedding present. . . . I know I shouldn't have waited until the last minute!—Still,

I know just exactly what I am going to get, so that helps a lot, don't you think? Only, of course, I'll have to look around. I wouldn't think of spending all that money without looking around!

You see, we are invited to the Dunningham–Tarkington wedding. That makes it hard—you know—all their money—and all. Not that they spend it! If I've said once I've said a thousand times that if we would hang on to *our* money the way they do theirs—but as I said, I know what I am going to buy. I always get something different, something that shows some thought and individuality, you know. Now, at the Stephens wedding I sent the cleverest little bill file—you know—a little sharp stick-up thing to put your bills on—*their* bills, I mean, of course! Now, if there is anything that a young married couple has, it is bills. Bills, bills, bills!

To me, one of the mysteries of an otherwise simple life is *why will* people give such useless wedding gifts? I am sure I can't imagine! When, with just a little thought —— Beg pardon?

My name? . . . Is it necessary? . . . Well, I should think he could tell what is wrong with me without knowing

my name—not that I am ashamed of it! . . . Your rules? . . . Well, I am Mrs. De Brown—one of the Connecticut De Browns. You see, the early De Browns ——

You think I'd better be seated? . . . Well, how much longer will it be? . . . You surely have *some* idea!

(*She drops a package, and looks down at it.*)

Would you please pick up my package for me? . . . Thank you! (*She takes the package.*) It is reducing soap! . . . Yes, REDUCING soap! . . . Yes, chins or—anything! . . . Guaranteed, I think. Reduces pocketbooks, anyway.

(*Laughs.*)

That chair over there? You mean by that sick looking woman? . . . Oh, dear! I rather hate to sit by such a sick looking person. Is it catching, do you think? . . . Oh, rheumatism? . . . Oh! Well, I suppose I'd be safe enough—but truthfully speaking, I can't understand why you have such sick looking people sitting around here, anyway. It is so distressing to the patients. I am so sym-

pathetic myself—still, as you say, I surely won't take the rheumatism.

(*She goes over to the chair and sits down, dropping a package as she does so. She says to the woman next to her.*)

Pardon me, but would you mind picking up that package for me? . . . You can't? . . . Rheumatism? How awful! May I just ask you to hold these while I get it, then?

(*Puts several packages on the woman's lap, then reaches and gets the package from the floor, and then takes her other parcels.*)

Let me give you just a bit of advice. You should move around more. There is nothing like moving around for rheumatism. Do you ever sit on the floor to put on your shoes and stockings? . . . You don't? Well, you certainly should! It is a wonderful way to keep limbered up.

Where is your rheumatism? . . . Both of them? . . . Well, what are you doing for it? . . . Baths? . . . Oh, my dear, that is such a mistake! . . . Doctor's orders? . . . We-ell —of course—I suppose the doctors have

to tell a person something, but you take my word for it, there is just one thing for you to do. HAVE YOUR TONSILS OUT! Why, my sister was never the same woman after her tonsils were out. . . . No, she didn't have rheumatism, but I've known dozens and dozens—or at least—well, I heard a woman say that she thought it helped her rheumatism. I am positive that if you had your tonsils out that in three months—well—you might be better. . . . Had them out two years ago? You did? . . . Well, then it is your appendix. . . . I wouldn't care what the doctor said about baths, I'd have that appendix out. . . . You did? . . . No, I don't have time to hear about it—besides I know all about appendixes—my cousin had one! . . . But, some way, I never did think they have as much to do with a person as the doctors say they have.

But teeth, now! My sister's husband's cousin is a dentist, and you should hear him tell what your teeth can do to you. It is appalling, simply appalling!

You say your teeth are all right? . . . How do you know? . . . X-Ray? . . . Well, they may be—

but something is wrong with you, and I think you are foolish not to try to find out what the trouble is. . . . That is what you are here for? . . . Oh! That is so. . . . Well, it is about time. When you can't even pick up a package for a person you surely need medical attention. It isn't best to let things run on. It is these hidden unsuspected things which kill people. . . . I mentioned to the girl at the desk how bad you look. I thought to myself that that poor woman looks so miserable that if I can help her pass her time a little more cheerfully, I'll do it, no matter if I do have to listen to all her symptoms and all. . . . You know yourself how sick people always bore you with the story of their ailments, and want to talk about them all the time. . . . That is one thing, I have made it a rule never to mention my particular symptoms or ailments. . . . Of course, until last night, I have never been what you call sick—but I know I wouldn't anyway. I am not the type to discuss personal things. . . . But I did think that if I could cheer you up I should do it, so I came right over. . . .

The only chair left? . . . Well,

yes, it was. . . . And I could see another woman coming down the hall, and I thought she might be coming here, and I had been shopping and was tired, so I thought I'd better hurry and get it while I could.

You see, I am not really a bit well! I know I look well, but I'm not. Why, the way I suffer—oh, it is your turn? . . . Well, I *hope* he can help you. Good-bye!

(*She puts her packages on the chair. Looks up, and then removes the packages with an injured air.*)

Certainly, you may sit here. (*Drops a package.*) Would you please pick up that package for me? . . . Thank you. . . . I hope I didn't break it. (*She shakes and feels the package carefully.*) It is a jar of flesh food and a jar of muscle oil. . . . You see, I just bought some reducing soap—I am so afraid I may have a chin, you know—double chin, I mean—so I got some reducing soap, and then I listened to the demonstrator talk about it, and I got uneasy for fear I'd get it *too* reduced—I'd hate not having ANY chin, so I bought this food to build it up again. . . . Isn't that wonderful? . . .

Certainly it will. . . . Why, I am sure it will reduce—the demonstrator was perfectly—well—emaciated-looking. I am not one to believe extreme things, but I hope I have an open mind. . . . Now, of course, some women—well, a demonstrator can sell them *anything*—no matter how unreasonable!

What are you in for? . . . Indigestion? Oh, my dear, isn't it terrible? The way I have suffered from indigestion!—Oh, no, I don't have it—it is my husband! That is what makes it so hard on me! You see, he is on such a strict diet, and it is so hard for me to sit and watch him eat his spinach and carrots while I have all the good things! It is awful! Why, sometimes I just can't stand it, and I eat part of my things between meals, so I can't see him want them. . . . It is much harder on me than it is on him. . . . Well, whether you think so or not, it is! He knows that if he eats anything at all that tastes good he will be sick, so of course he doesn't really want to! And all the time I know he really wants it, and that is what makes it so hard on me!

Do you like this doctor? . . . I

don't know a thing about him. . . . I simply had to go to a doctor, and this looked like such a nice building, and I came in and walked up and down the halls and looked into the offices to see which one looked the best. . . . I adore that table, don't you? And notice the magazines —real class, there! Why, in some of the offices—well, they looked just like hospitals! I don't even know this doctor's name—you see the door was open. . . . Oh, is it? Mercy, he is one of these expensive doctors. Your bill will be terrible. I hope that you can afford it. . . . Well, I have heard both ways. . . . Now that you ask, I don't remember ever hearing of anyone he ever cured. . . . Mrs. Curtis came to him for a couple of years—and she finally died. . . . She had some kind of indigestion.

I think the service here is terrible. . . . I don't see how he has the nerve to charge like they say he does after making us wait like this. . . . It doesn't show very good judgment, anyway, for a doctor to have so many patients.

(*She looks at her wrist-watch.*)

I've got a good notion not to wait! I

have a wedding gift to buy, and we are going out to a dinner dance to-night, and I do need a marcel and a manicure! I never would have waited this long—my time is very important—but I am really seriously ill. Oh, my dear, you can't tell a thing by the looks! Just wait until I tell you—I woke up last night in the very middle of the night—and my tongue was PARALYZED! Absolutely paralyzed! Imagine how I suffered! It lasted only a minute, but in that time I thought of at least a million things that I wanted to say—like a drowning man, you know. So I woke up my husband, and by that time my tongue was all sort of needles- and pins-ey, you know—like when your foot is asleep, and when I described it to him he drew a long breath and said, "Your tongue asleep? Not YOUR tongue asleep, my dear? Well, you have destroyed my last theory of perpetual motion!"

Of course he was just joking to get my mind off of the seriousness of it, so I wouldn't worry, but I am not the kind to worry about things. But I didn't sleep another wink for an hour! I just got to thinking how terrible it would be if it should become chronic! But I wouldn't

let it worry me. I think worry is all that is the matter with a lot of folks. No matter how sick I am I never let on. It is this running to a doctor all the time—well, for example, now, look at me, the picture of health, and I never go near a doctor's office, and then just look at these people who are coming here all the time!

(*She looks around, and shudders.*)

No, I'll not risk it! I'd better go while I am able. My tongue seems fairly good to-day—and I'd be foolish to risk staying. . . . Pardon me, but will you please hand me that package? Thank you so much! Good-bye!

JOHNNY GRAHAM, DIPLOMAT

SCENE.—*The front yard of the* GRAHAM *home.* MRS. GRAHAM *is discovered seated in a rocking-chair on the front porch.*

(*Enter, from the street,* JOHNNY GRAHAM *and what he hopes will be* "BUGS" GRAHAM, *a nondescript pup.* JOHNNY *speaks.*)

(*To dog.*) Come along here, Bugs, old doggie, come along. Here we are, old doggie, right at home. How's this, Bugs? How do you like it, old fellow?

(JOHNNY *bends over and plays with the pup, patting him and snapping his fingers, as he comes in. Then he sees his mother.*)

Oh! Hello, mums, see who's here! Here, Bugs, sit up for the lady.

(*He helps the dog sit up. Continue the pantomime during his efforts.*)

Oh, come on, Bugs, sit up . . . no, up! . . . up . . . UP! That's

it! (*With relief in tone.*) Oh, no, Bugs, sit up, I tell you. . . . Oh, gee whiz! Quit scratching your ear and sit up, Bugs. (*Pleadingly.*)

(*To mother.*) He will, too, sit up! I trained him this afternoon, and I got him so he would sit up every time I tell him to —purt near! It's just because he ain't acquainted with you yet. He'll be all right in a few days, won't you, old doggie? . . .

Whose dog is he? . . . Why, mine. . . . Oh, gee whiz, Maw! Well, why can't I have him? . . . Aw, please, Maw! . . . Why-y? Oh, good-night! . . . Well, dog-gone it! Well, I don't care, every other feller in this whole town has got a dog—but me. . . . They have, too! . . . Well, I don't want to play with *their* dog. It ain't no fun playin' with some other feller's dog. . . . Well, it's NOT the same thing at all, I don't care what you think. . . . You see, Maw, when a feller is playin' with his own dog—why, why—why, it's his OWN dog he's playin' with, don't you see, Maw? . . . A feller feels NICE playin' with some other feller's dog and him the only boy in town but what has got a dog.

Well, I do, too, need a dog. . . . Well, I do. . . . Well, I need one—well, for—for pertection! . . . Well, s'posin' I wanted to go somewheres nights, I guess I'd need a dog, wouldn't I? . . . Huh? . . . Not goin' any place by myself at night? Well—I might have to! S'posin' the house got on fire and I'd have to go to the fire station? . . . You would *call* the fire station? . . Well, s'posin' the telephone wouldn't work? S'posin' the lightning struck it and put it on the blink and set the house afire, why, then I bet I'd have to go. . . . You'd call the neighbors. . . . Well, s'posin' burglars would come and—why, he *would,* too. He's a fine watch dog, and about the ferociousest dog you ever saw.

(*To dog.*) You'd just eat a burglar alive, wouldn't you, Bugs, old doggie? Listen, Bugs, if you'd eat a burglar alive, why, you just wag your tail!

(*To mother.*) There? See him wag it! I guess that proves it, all right. A person never knows just exactly when a burglar might come, either, and sometimes they kill whole families in cold blood. I guess you'll be pretty sorry, all right, when you

see your whole family gettin' killed in cold blood just 'cause you wouldn't let me have a dog when I wanted one. . . . I guess, when it's too late, you'll wish you let me have a dog.

(*He whistles and calls to dog.*)

Here, Bugs, leave that cat alone! (*Whistles.*) Here, Bugs! Come on here, old feller!

(*To mother.*) See how smart he is—and him just a pup! It ain't every dog that would chase a cat like that, I tell you! No, sir-ee! Bugs saw that old cat trying to catch a bird. . . . You know, Maw, what you said in that paper you wrote and read at the club about pertectin' the birds. . . . Well, Bugs, here, is the very dog to help you do it.

(*Whistles and calls to dog.*)

Here, doggie, come on, now, and sit up. Sit up, Bugs!

(*He puts him the way he wants him.*)

Now, look at that! Ain't that swell? There ain't a better setter-up in this town than that. . . . Who wants to see it? . . . Well, anybody with a grain of

common sense would like to see a dog like Bugs sit up. . . . What? . . . Be more respectful? Why, I am respectful—I AM, TOO! There ain't a dog in this town I respect as much as I do Bugs! . . . Gee whiz, I ought to! I gave my scooter and my baseball mitt and my movie ticket and some bread and jam for him. I did, too. . . . I had to, to get him. . . .

Not worth it? . . . Why, Maw Graham, he's a fine dog! . . . What kind? . . . Well, he's a terrier—or a Scotch Collie—or something. . . . Well, even if he isn't, he can't help what his folks is, can he? If you've said once, you've said a thousand times that it doesn't matter so much what a person's folks is if the person does right. . . .

Anyway, I don't think Bugs associates with his folks much. . . . Not that he's ashamed of 'em, no, sir! Bugs is not the kind of a dog to look down on his folks, no matter if he does know how much better he is!

Say, listen, Maw! If you'll just let me keep him I'll—I'll—I'll wash my ears every morning, rain or shine, swimmin' er not, winter or summer. Yes, I will.

Honest, Maw, cross my heart and hope to die!

The last pup chewed up everything in the house! Well, the baby does, too, and you keep him! Looks like when you got a baby that chews things you'd let a feller have a pup that maybe wouldn't chew anything much—'cept old shoes. . . . Well, *I* don't think it is so different. S'posin' Dad made you give up the baby 'cause he chewed things! Why, Maw, jest look at the good you can get out of a pup.

(*Calls pup, and whistles for him.*)

Here, Bugs, don't do that! Nice old feller!

(*To mother.*) What? . . . You think he is named right. . . . You mean BUGS? . . . Well, gee whiz, Maw, his neck itches! Well, lots of folks' necks itches. . . . He wouldn't scratch his neck if it didn't itch. You see, Bugs is kind of—of—embarrassed! Anybody's neck is liable to itch if they are embarrassed! I'll bet you'd be embarrassed, too, if you heard a dog talkin' about you like you been a-talkin' about Bugs. . . .

Hurt the baby? You mean BUGS hurt the baby? . . . Well, I should say he

wouldn't hurt the baby! He's the gentlest dog you ever saw in your life. . . .

Not going to feed any dog? Well, good-NIGHT! Why, there's enough goes in that garbage can every day to feed six dogs. . . . Well, I know. . . . Well, I've been a-feedin' 'em. . . . .

(*He points.*)

Look, Maw, there's the Woolford's chickens in your new flower bed!

(*He points and talks to dog.*)

Sic 'em, Bugs, old fellow, sic 'em!

(*He watches and claps hands, then whistles for dog.*)

Here you are, Bugs, all right, old doggie, Bugs!

(*To mother.*) There, now I guess you see how much you need a dog. . . . I knew the minute I saw Bugs that you needed him. . . . Yes, I did, too. . . . To tell you the truth, Maw, I didn't get him for myself at all, I got him for you, and I was goin' to give him to you for your Mother's Day. . . . I know that it is past, but I was goin' to give him to you for it. . . . I got to thinkin' about how much a feller's mother does fer him and all, and

how a feller ought to do something to show he appreciated it, and I thought and I thought and I couldn't think of anything you would like as much as a pup like Bugs!! . . . Yes'm, he's your *present!* I knew you'd like him, Maw. . . .

What? . . . Oh, yes'm, I'll take care of him for you, if you want me to. . . . It won't be hardly any trouble. . . .

Say, Maw, me and Turkey Taylor is goin' to make the swellest house for him out of an old box what something come to Turkey's father in. . . . Guess I'd better be goin', too, for I told Turkey that I'd be over if you'd let me keep—I mean, as soon as I'd give him to you. . . . Say, Maw, can I take some of them cookies over to Turkey—he's goin' to help build it, you know. . . . There's Turkey, now.

(*Whistles through fingers, and calls.*)

Hey, Turkey, TURKEY! Git yer old box!

(*To dog.*) Come along, old feller, come along, Bugs, old doggie!

(*He talks and plays with dog as he leaves.*)

VIVA'S STUDY HOUR

SCENE.—*A living-room.*

(*Discovered*—VIVA *and* HELENE, *with school books.*)

(VIVA *speaks.*)

Oh, fudge and caramels! Wouldn't life be one grand sweet song if exams and report cards were illegal! For years and years I have hoped, but in vain! If I *ever* get old enough, the man or woman who gets my vote puts a "no high-school exams" plank in the platform. The tragedy of life is that by that time it won't matter to me. They surely won't hold me in high school for more than eight years.

There is another injustice! People are not allowed to vote until they are so old their brains are practically petrified. Isn't it the truth? You know it is. Just look at our parents! Dad is possessed of but one idea—positively and absolutely—one idea. That idea has solidified and the only cells in his brain which function have to do with that one idea. His subconscious mind contains absolutely nothing else!

And that idea is that I—his only chee-ild —should take advantage of what he calls my opportunities for an education, and such opportunities,—or rather opportunities for such things.

Helene, my dear! 'Twas only last night that he pulled the same old story. I tried to show him the real education—but no! He gave me no heed. He refuses to allow one single solitary cell to change. He insists that I should pass these next exams. I have told him repeatedly and anon that I might not—that the studies are merely incidental nowadays—just a sort of a framework to hold the school structure together, and how much more important it is that I make the Dramatic Club and the Glee Club, and get to give a solo dance on frolic night.

Say, put me in as leading lady of the class play, and who will care whether I know anything at all about an obtuse angle or either side of a parallelogram, or not. And for that matter, why should I? I am asking you—what is a parallelogram in my life, anyway? I'd rather have a new sport suit than to know the whole geometry. What would a right-angled triangle have to do with getting me a bid

to the fraternity dance? Would it be the cause of my immediate presence at the University game? No answer required or expected, my dear!

Dad actually expects me to pass! My, I hope I can. I know just how disappointed he will be if I don't—and I tell you, Helene, that with all his faults I love him still. Why, for his sake I would do anything to pass—well, anything but study!

I'd love to study if they would modernize the stuff, but I ask you, what will it get us to know that all Gaul was divided in three parts? The only parts I am interested in are the leading lady's part and the part in my hair.

Honestly, now that I think of it, the world owes me a lot—hair as straight as the line of duty—and a cowlick to boot! And NO marcel! Even the mention of a marcel and Mother nearly faints! If I suggested robbing a filling station or taking strychnine she couldn't be more negative!

(*Yawns.*) Gee, I'm so sleepy! Wasn't that a grand rehearsal last night? You were the peaches' complexion in that part! Personally, I don't see why folks always

think that if a girl has naturally curly hair that she is so much sweeter and nicer and all. The curly-headed ones always get the parts the audience loves, and we straight-haired ones the catty parts. Of course a girl with curly hair ought to be better natured. Why, Helene, she should, too! Say, I wish you had straight hair for a while. Those twinkles in your blue eyes would turn to stabs. No woman with curly hair has any right to complain no matter what life offers. Besides being beautiful their hair never turns gray. Never! I've a good dozen gray hairs right now at sixteen, just from trying to overcome the undeviating parallels of my topknot. Say, how many lines can be perfectly parallel at the same time?

How did you like Miss Hoover's new dress? Isn't she the best looking thing? This is her last year teaching. . . . Well, nobody told me, but when she wears a solitaire as big as a navy search-light I can draw my own conclusions.

Oh, dear! It is always these little good looking ones who get the big left-hand decorations. Take a tall, deserving girl like myself, serious minded, and so forth—and what do I get?

Sure I get a bid to the Varsity game—and why? Because I'm the loudest yelling female person there! When they need cheer and help they turn to my type. Here I am, sixteen years old, and I've never had a proposal yet! It's the truth! Oh—him! Well, he is just a kid, so that doesn't count. You haven't either? . . . Cross your heart?—Well, my dear, let us solace ourselves with study. Into what depths of misery shall we plunge first?

Say, speaking of misery I simply can't wear those new pumps. Well, I *am* willing to suffer tortures of the—dumb-bells, and all, but I simply cannot stand them. The clerk that slid those on to my feet was a genius. He could show Edison up any day.

Well, shall we drown our forlorn hopes in ancient history or geometry? I've got that geometry complex—inferiority—buzzing seriously. I never expect to understand geometry in this life, and I hope that I live so that I won't deserve it in the next. Well, let's give it the once over. (*She opens a book.*) Even the pictures bore a person. Say, look! What does that remind you of? Nothing, you say? Helene, where is your imagination—or

your appetite? That is a perfect picture of an ice-cream cone—and I had ten cents left from lunch! Come, child, it is not well to study on an empty—well, anyway, let us trot over and invest. We have a lot of time to get that geometry, and I prefer to gain my knowledge from the original cone, and not a mere picture or imitation. I can concentrate better on one ice-cream cone than I can on that whole geometry. So—hence!

VIVA AT THE MOVIES

SCENE.—*A movie theater, balcony.*

(*Discovered*—VIVA *and* HELENE, *coming down the aisle.*)

(VIVA *speaks.*)

Well, black cats and ink wells, can you beat it? (*She stumbles along, trying to see in the dark.*) Don't go so fast, Helene, I can't see a blessed thing!

(*Her ankle turns and she falls, catching herself by taking hold of someone seated.*)

Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm so sorry! (*She goes on, giggling.*) Helene, for cat's sake, wait! I tell you I can't see a thing! Just listen to my tale of woe. (*Whispers.*) I fell down and landed on a fat man. . . . Fact! I didn't know that they had steps in this old balcony. Look! There's a seat—two of them.

(*She seats herself, then gets up quickly.*)

Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't see

your little boy. I am very sorry I sat on him. . . . Let me give him some candy. . . . Well, it might hush him! . . . Oh, you don't let him eat candy? . . . I am sorry. (*They go on.*)

Well, now that I've crippled a fat man and squashed a small boy I ought to call it a day. . . . Where? . . . (*Looks around.*) Sure enough! . . . Pardon us, please!

(*They crowd over in front of people. They sit, but she gets up hurriedly.*)

Well, for the love of the movies! . . . Oh, it's your hat! (*To woman next to her.*) I am so sorry, but I don't think I hurt it. . . . Well, forget it. You can't hold down all the seats in the theater. . . . Well, try holding it on your lap if you don't want it sat on. . . . (*To* HELENE.) That woman talks like she was in on a pass. Let them in free and they want the whole building.

Say, I surely am glad to get "all set," aren't you? I can see, now that we are here and settled. Don't drop the candy. . . . No sir-ee! You hold it. . . . Well, you know my luck, and safety always is my motto.

Oh-h! Who cut your hair? Say, it's a keen cut, I'll say! I didn't know that they were so good. You can take off your hat to the world, now, kiddo!

Say, isn't it great to see again? Do you know I never thought about that before. . . . Listen, while they run the news reel. . . . (*Giggles.*) You know—when I fell back there—and I told you I landed on a fat man. . . . Well, that wasn't half of it. . . . I certainly used some judgment! That man was not only a good landing spot, but I got both arms around his neck, some way. . . . I think *he* was embarrassed! . . . I couldn't see, but whether I saw or not I know two things about that man—one is that he had a fresh shave and the other is that he uses violet toilet water! . . . How did I find out? By Mrs. Sherlock Holmes methods, my dear! (*Giggles.*)

Say! (*Giggles.*) Wouldn't it surprise a person to be sitting calmly at a movie and suddenly as from heaven—or elsewhere—have two perfectly good arms thrust around your neck—and your face more or less scratched by a brilliant hat buckle? (*Giggles.*)

Aha! The woman with the "sat on"

hat is moving! (*Whispers, singing.*) "Good-bye, forever, forever good-bye!"

Isn't that a perfect dream of a piece the orchestra is playing?

Do you know anything about this show? I don't either. I do hope it has a lot of murders and killings and things. . . . I just love a villain! I mean, I love a play with a villain. I love to hate a villain! . . . I could kill them off by the bushels.

Did you see the show here last week? . . . It was simply great! You see the villain—well, it doesn't sound any too well when you go to tell it—but anyway—well, the villain got *his* and the beautiful lady married the hero, and "a good time was had by all." So sort of different, and everything. But give me a villain, every time. I tell you I simply dote on hating the creature—I guess it is because everybody is so good to a person in real life, and there isn't anybody to hate.

I was telling Miss Gordon about how I like murders and killings and swords and pistols and all in the movies, and she said she imagined I would. She said that according to the general scheme of things that was the way it should be—that any-

one who would sprain her ankle just to keep from stepping on a worm would have to take their murders vicariously—whatever that is. . . . Good word, though, don't you think? I must remember to look that word up. . . . I don't know whether I like my murders "vicariously" or not, but I know I like 'em, by gosh! . . . Huh? Yes, that was the way I happened to sprain my ankle—but it was such a nice little woolly worm—the cutest thing—looked like a little pussy willow.

(*They stand up to let someone pass, and she slips, and gets up again.*) I beg your pardon!

Now look here, Helene, if you giggle I'll hit you! (*They both giggle.*) Wasn't that awful? I don't know what in the world is the matter with me to-day.

There comes the picture! . . . Oh, good-night!

(*They stand up as if allowing someone to pass in. Finally they sit down.*)

Did you see the cast? I didn't either. I don't care who photographed the thing. . . . I hear they have special music. . . . Oh, goodie! It's a villain piece. . . . I certainly *have* spotted him.

. . . Well, let's get into that box of candy, what do you say?

(*She opens the box, and puts it on the arm of the seat.*)

Now, Helene, please help me hold this candy on here. I believe you'd better take it. . . . Well, have some, anyway.

(*They both eat, and constantly. For the rest of the monologue they eat while they talk.*)

Do you know, I like Miss Gordon, even if she is a teacher. She's great! She has been a teacher so long she understands about things. She'll be on a pension soon, but I hope she doesn't give up teaching. . . . If I were running the schools of this country I wouldn't hire a teacher *under* fifty, and I'd make them have at least twenty-five years of previous experience. . . . I just hate taking orders from a perky little thing that looks three years younger than I do.

(*She grabs* HELENE.) Oh-h-h! (*Draws a long breath of relief.*) Heavens, I thought he was falling!

Wouldn't that be terrible? There he goes again. . . .

(*She sits up straight, then gradually leans back again.*)

I wish he would quit that! . . . Well, even if I do want to kill the villain I don't want the hero to commit suicide! Isn't that terrible? My barette, but I hope that's the last of that! . . . Oh-h! He was going after her—see? . . . Well, how did she get there, anyway, did you see? . . . I suppose when that gang came in in front of us.

(*Reads.*) "If the rope will hold, all will be well."

(*She grabs* HELENE.) Look! He is going to lower her! He doesn't know that the rope is nearly worn through in one place! I've got my eyes shut—tell me if he gets her down. . . . (*Waits.*) She is! You're sure!

(*She opens her eyes.*)

Well, for goodness sake, how will he get down? . . . Well, why doesn't she get up and take that rope off? . . . At last! . . . Now, do you suppose

she will tell him about that worn place—no—I don't believe she's going to. . . . No! Well, the dumb-bell! Well, he may see it, but I doubt it—he can't see everything. . . . Didn't he look handsome when she looked up and waved? He looked down and saw she was all right, then he straightened up and just BREATHED! Don't you just love 'em when they breathe big! Sure, sort of wave the chest up and down! It's great! Looks like more people would do it in real life, doesn't it? They never do, but they would look better if they did. . . .

Now, he's got the rope up. . . . He is putting it around his waist —— Oh, Helene! He doesn't know about the bad place in the rope. . . . It will break sure! See, he is tying it around that little pine tree, and now he is going down, hand over hand—hand over hand—oh-h-h-h! It did! It broke. There he is at the bottom—just at the girl's feet—dead!—No, he breathed!

He will be all right—but grape fruit, where is our candy? Oh, there is what is left of it. . . .

See, he's all right. . . . Can you imagine a fall like that and never a

scratch? Now if I walk down the aisle of a theater I fall and hurt a fat man, squash a small boy and smash a hat. If I took a tumble like that I wouldn't have a tooth left in my head and my nose would be mashed all over my face.

HEAVENS!

Do you know what I came down-town for? . . . Tin cans and puppy dogs, if that isn't my luck! I came down to go to the dentist. . . . I came down last week and forgot all about it, and I got orders to go to-day. Dad has to pay for it when there is an appointment, whether I go or not.

(*She begins to gather up her things.*)

Listen, did any of that candy go in your lap? Fine! Give me one before I leave thee, fair one. . . . (*She takes one and bites into it.*) Oh-h, my land! That was a cherry. (*She wipes face and dress with a handkerchief.*) My dear, I am the only human being in captivity who can take a shower bath with one chocolate covered cherry. (*Continues to wipe dress.*) I am simply one mass of goo! Nice old sticky stuff, isn't it? . . . Now, I'll

have to powder all over again. (*She does.*)

Well, there! (*Looks at wrist-watch.*) I can't see what time it is—but it doesn't matter—I'll be late. I know I'll be late. . . . I couldn't even get to a dentist's on time to-day.

Listen, Helene, you stay and see it, and then I'll call you up this evening and find out how it comes out.

(*She gets up and crowds out. When she reaches the aisle she stops.*) Oh, my pocket-book!

(*She crowds back and gets it, then crowds back to the aisle again.*)

Helene! Helene! Remember to remember how it comes out and you call me up and tell me. (*She starts, then stops.*)

Helene—call me up, anyway. . . . I'll save you a tooth—if any. Good-bye!

HIKING FOR HEALTH

SCENE.—*The front steps of a large home.*

(*Discovered—three girls, known to their parents as* HELEN, JANE *and* GENEVIEVE; *known to each other as* HELENE, JEAN *and* VIVA.)

(VIVA *speaks.*)

Well, for goodness sake! (*She looks at her wrist-watch.*) Look at the time it is, will you? . . . I'll bet a cookie that Estelle's mother's Lizzie is sick again, and Estelle is helping with the work. . . . But you'd think she could 'phone, anyway. . . . Honestly, that Lizzie is the most inconsiderate maid. Seems like she always takes Saturday morning to have her ailments. She'll be as perky and smart all week but just let Saturday morning come! Last Saturday it was an ulcerated tooth. Her face was the size of a dish pan. Naturally they couldn't tell her that she imagined it. I saw her myself, and even I couldn't imagine a face like that!

How do you like this suit? (*She turns around to let them see it.*) Sort of spiffy, eh? I remark! Oh, but Dad put up a howl. . . . Yours did, too? Well! Do you suppose all dads are alike?

Well, he said things had come to a pretty pass when a sixteen-year-old girl couldn't take a little walk without putting on boy's pants! . . . His exact words, my dear—the vulgarity is all his'n! Yes, siree-ee! His exact words, less a few under his breath. He even elucidated further, as Prof. Anderson says. He said we wouldn't walk if we had a dozen suits apiece, and that when he was a boy—can't you just hear him?—a girl dressed like that—here, my dears, he simply sputtered giving a wonder imitation of static on a bad night!—and he'd be hanged if a girl of his wore such a thing, and that ended it! and settled it once for all!

Aren't these pockets the duckiest ever? That was my own idea. . . . Surely they bulge a little. Wouldst know why? Because of the contents of the said pockets. . . . Something on the hip, my dear—as all young girls must carry, according to all fiction, whether printed as such or as facts!

Ah ha! I thought that would get a " sit up and take notice " out of you, Helene, my dear! But 'tis your old friend Viva who looks out for your welfare and your future. . . . Well, don't you remember how they tell about people getting lost or tired or—or—something—half eaten by a bear, or covered in a snow slide, or bitten by a snake,—on hiking trips, and what it was that saved them? . . . What? My dear! I'm certainly ashamed of you! Where do you get such ideas? Methinks you are too young to read our daily papers. No, no, not that! Why, Jean, CHOCOLATE BARS, of course!

(*She shows them the bars.*) Well, I suppose we might as well eat one apiece to give us strength to wait for Estelle.

Say, I ask you—isn't it ridiculous the way our parents are so old-fashioned or whatever it is. I've explained and explained, and even expostulated, and to no visible effect. Genevieve is a perfectly good name for a small child or a cow or something that can't help itself, but why burden me with it? Shut your eyes, and what do you see when you hear the name " Genevieve "? . . . Certainly you do. Dad still sings it when he shaves.

(*She sings, imitating her father.*) "Genevieve, swe-et Genevieve!" Do I look like that? Say not so if thou wouldst live! Don't you think my diction—or vocabulary—is extremely Shakespearean?

Now, shut your eyes and think "Viva!" Now, what do you see? Something snappy like—well ——

(*She shrugs and giggles.*)

Say, I tried that on Dad but I didn't get far. He is the contrariest old bear. I said "Something snappy like ——" and he said—"Like what might have been a sweet young girl, but who preferred to look like a boy scout or a chorus girl, as the mood struck her."

Look here, I don't want you to think my Dad is mean to me. . . . It is just his gentle manner—see? Why, all the time he was fussing he was getting ready to write me a check for this suit. I think *he* knew it, too—and I know I did. But he WON'T call me Viva! I told them about you, Helene, and how none of us would ever think of calling you Helen, and about Jean and Estelle. Mother laughed!

Still, for an old lady, Mother is not so

bad. . . . What? . . . You heard someone say that it was almost impossible to believe that such a charming girlish looking woman could be the mother of such a long-legged high-school girl? . . . Honestly?

Well, now that you mention it, I don't know that she is exactly decrepit. . . . Of course I never thought of her just that way. I'll give her the once over. I know right now that an unfair Providence gave me Dad's straight hair instead of Mother's curly locks. I was grouching about it one day and Dad turned and pointed a stern forefinger at his only chee-ild, and said, "*So* that's where it has gone, is it? Give me back my hair, if ye love me!"

Well, no—not exactly. . . . Just a little thinnish on top.

I don't care if they do look young, they're not! Well, New Year's Eve they stayed out until one-thirty and the next day—deliver me! That's the way to tell, every time. They may be sixteen the night before, but they feel like sixty the next morning.

Goodness, what is keeping the rest of our foursome? Well, have another chocolate bar.

(*She takes them from pocket, and hands one to each of the girls. She takes the paper off hers and eats as she talks.*)

Some day I'd like to see just how many of these things I could eat—continuously and without stopping. Give me a big dish of pickles at the same time, and the world's available supply of chocolate bars would be materially diminished. What? Why, that is my natural manner of expressing myself.

Honestly, Helene, you wear the smallest shoe! Is your foot actually on the inside of that shoe? They ought not charge you as much as they do me, that's certain. Just *look* at that! (*She puts her foot out.*) I don't know what size they call it—but it doesn't matter. Nobody would believe it was a Three B if I pasted it across the toe in plain sight. . . . Well, the clerks are considerate, and don't tell me the size, but in my private opinion it is a fourteen X. . . . You don't know what an X is in shoes? Same thing as in anything else—unknown quantity. They haven't found a name for a foot that big! . . . I am *not* joking—nobody, no matter how keen her sense of humor,

could joke about a foot like that when it is her *own* foot.

Gee, but I'm hungry! (*She looks at her watch.*) Well—do I see right? What time does your watch say? Lunch time, and we have to start at one-forty-five for the game. (*She jumps up.*) Come on in for a bite. . . . Oh, yes, you'll have plenty of time. Oh, do come. . . . Well, all right then, good-bye. (*She turns to go in, then stops and calls.*) Jean, wear your green sport dress, will you? What are you going to wear, Helene? . . . A new one? Gorgeous!

Sa-ay, girls! Let's take another hike next Saturday, what do you say?

THE EARLY BIRD

Shure, Mrs. O'Flannigan, and may Oi be annything but blist if ye ain't a soight fer sore eyes! An' fer phwat kind iv a cillibration have ye been afther a-havin', and me not knowin' annything at all at all about it, more shame to ye! 'Tis as purty a black eye as Oi've seen in many a day. . . . Shure, it must have been a foine peaceable foight ye was havin', fer I niver heard a worrd iv it.

At the departmint sthore, ye say? For the love iv St. Patrick, how do ye git a black eye loike that at a departmint sthore? . . . Yer Christmas shoppin'? Yis, but Mrs. O'Flannigan, ye told me with yer own worrds that ye had yer Christmas shoppin' done long ago, and not only did ye till me, but didn't Oi see the foine box of stationery ye got on sale fer half price, because the box was a little bit dirty, last January, fer yer cousin that's goin' to learn to write at the noight school? . . . Ye showed it to me, and there was noineteen sheets of paper and twinty-three envelopes, ye remimber, and ye put

it in the drawer in the dresser where ye was goin' to kape all yer prisints ye was to give.

'Twas in October, it was, that ye had checked the last wan off the list. 'Twas a foine breath of relafe ye drawed, I remimber, and ye cillibrated by takin' what money ye had lift from the grocery money and goin' to the movies!

Now, lit me see, fer yer daughter Maggie ye got wan iv thim vanity boxes that look like a lunch box with the coffee cup lift off iv it, and it had rid paint fer her chakes and lips and white paint fer her nose, and her wid chakes and lips redder than anny paint that was iver made —and 'twas just a little rubbed on wan side and wan handle a little bit loose, but as good as new, if I do say it.

Thin, let's see! Fer Tim ye had a foine leather belt with a swill silver buckle on it, and the buckle had the letters "R. S." on it, but thim that mixed and twisted that it could have bin "M. O." jist as well, or aven better.

Thin, fer Patsy, ye had three pair of silk sox, an' excipt fer some little runs or pulled places in thim, they was perfect! Patsy was always the great bye fer the

silk sox. I remimber as how ye said as how the furrst toime he would wear thim they would have a hole in thim before he got home, an' ye got three pair fer the proice iv wan, just fer him startin' out that way.

An' thin, let's see,—fer yer sister's girl ye got a nice box iv candy—'twas in March, I remimber, right afther St. Patrick's day, an' 'twas tied wid grane ribbons, and ye was goin' to put a little red on it, fer the Christmas!

An' fer yer sister I remimber the umbrelly ye got down to the basemint sthore, an' 'twas as purty a handle as I iver saw, an' the silk was only a little bit rubbed in spots.

An' faith, Mrs. O'Flannigan, I can't remimber all the swill things ye had put in the drawer, but ye was through wid yer Christmas shoppin' in October, an' ye said that whin yer Moike gave ye money to git some things wid, ye was goin' to kape it fer yersilf. 'Twas as I said to Mrs. Casey, ye was the early bird.

Ye thought so yersilf till the day before Christmas! . . . Well, and thin what happined? . . . Ye don't till me! Not a thing in the drawer whin ye went to

put the tissue paper on thim. . . . Was it robbers ye were afther a-havin', thin? Yis, that's what, and I bet they took that gold watch ye bought off the man on the corner fer wan dollar and noinety-eight cints, that ye was a-goin' to give to Moike fer his birthday, in hopes he'd be shamed into gittin' home airlier!

'Twas no burglar at all at all, ye say. Well, thin, fer the love iv St. Patrick, who took it? . . . Ye took thim yersilf? . . . Is it crazy in the head ye are, or what? Ye took a part iv yer own Christmas gifts? Ye mane phwat, Mrs. O'Flannigan?

Oh, ye knew ye had thim, and ye marked thim off her list—yis, I understand that, all roight. . . . Well, phwat became iv thim, is the question I am tillin' ye?

Ye gave the vanity to yer Maggie to give to the Casey girrl fer a graduatin' prisint? . . . Yis, now that ye mintion it, Oi remimber that. . . . Shure, and she naded it, not bein' good-lookin' like yer Maggie. . . . Ye thought ye had plinty iv time to git somethin' ilse fer Maggie? Shure, ye did, an' ye done roight to do it.

Yis, Mrs. O'Flannigan, 'twas the roight thing I think ye did there, fer yer Maggie has the pink chakes, and ye could git her somethin' that was more nadeful.

But phwat about the ither things? Ye say yer Patsy used all the writin' paper a-writin' to the Dugan girrl? Yis'm, I remimber now that she was away, and shure, with her pa on the police force an' all, 'twasn't a bad thing at all at all. . . . Is he still writin'? . . . Oh, so she married the Riley bye, did she? . . . Well, that was a bad waste of good paper, an' no mistake, but ye can't blame the bye, fer he was doin' his bist.

Thin, ye say, ye found the bilt buckle in the garbages, an' the byes was using the leather belt to thry to fasten up a pole fer a radio. . . . 'Tis the furrst I knew that ye had wan, as I live! . . . Ye haven't? . . . Oh, they wuz gittin' the pole riddy in case ye did. . . . An' a good idee it is, too.

Well, be that as it may, ye had the silk sox lift, anyway. . . . Ye didn't? Yer Lorry had bin a-takin' thim whin ye didn't know it. . . . An' what is he a-doin' with silk sox, I'd like to know. . . . Wearin' thim to see his girrl?

. . . His girrl, ye say? An' he took yer box iv candy, too? . . . Well, faith an' he's startin' early. . . . Sure, but Mrs. O'Flannigan, how could he wear thim sox, fer Patsy is no Cinderella, and yer Lorry but twilve? Turned thim under, ye say, at the toes, an' fastened thim with Patsy's tie clasps? . . . Well, did ye iver? He'll be an invintor yit, ye marrk my worrds. . . . An' who was his girrl? . . . The little O'Flarathy girrl, ye say? . . . Are ye manin' the contractor's little daughter? Well, Mrs. O'Flannigan, belave me or not, the bye will make ye proud iv him yit.

Well, let's see,—ye still had the umbrelly lift. Ye didn't? . . . Oh, ye did? The day ye wanted to wear yer new hat an' it rained. . . . Yis, but I remimber ye ruined yer new hat, Mrs. O'Flannigan. It was as wet as a piece of bread soaked in water. I remimber the nixt day how bad ye filt. Ye carried the new umbrelly, not thinkin' to hurt it anny, ye say, an' the wather came through the little rubbed places? . . . You don't mane it? . . . Why, thim little rubbed places was so small ye could hardly

see thim at all at all, unliss ye held it up to the light.

Well, well, an' afther all the trouble an' worrk ye had to go down the day before Christmas, did ye, in the crowd? Ye wint down in the marnin', did ye? . . . Ye say ye had to pay about four prices fer ivver'thing ye got? Faith, an' it's always that way at Christmas time. . . . An' ye ruined yer new shoes? . . . An' yer dress, ye say? Was it yer new dress what got tore? . . . Now ain't that a shame?

An' ye wint back in the afthernoon, too? Oh, ye had to go back to make an exchange? . . . Ye say ye paid a dollar fer yer cousin's prisint, and whin ye got home, ye found hers to you, an' whin ye unwrapped it the price was on it big as loife fer only sivinty-noine cints? . . . Faith, I don't blame ye, an' 'twas roight ye was to take it back and trade.

But yer eye? Who hit ye? Just thryin' to git to a clerk before the sthore closed, an' no foight at all at all? Will, will, and so ye didn't aven git the satisfaction iv hittin' back? 'Tis no wander ye didn't fale loike the Christmas spirits!

An' here Oi was a-sayin' to my Pat that

ye had yer Christmas shoppin' all done early, an' I said to mysilf, if I do say it, "'Tis the early birrd that catches the worrm," an' I told Pat 'twas not only a birrd ye was, but an early wan! Phwat is it ye say, Mrs. O'Flannigan? . . . Ye was not a burrd? Thin, faith, an' phwat was ye? . . . Oh, the wurrm, ye say, the wurrm!

DAY (HELP) BY DAY

SCENE.—*A kitchen.* OCCUPANT.—MRS. ALLEY.

(*Enter* MARABELLE WILBUR, *golden-brown, fat and forty.* MARABELLE *speaks.*)

Well, *good*-mornin', honey! . . . Ma'am? . . . What you say, Miss Alley? . . . Yassum, I knows I'se late. . . . Yassum, I knows you told me to git heah eahly, yassum.

You see, Miss Alley, I done ovah slept dis mawnin'. . . . I said to Sis' Ca'oline—I done jes' stopped a minnit, Miss Alley, to tell huh about de weddin' las' night . . . an' I says to huh den dat I shuah wished I allus had such quality ladies like you-all to wo'k foah, wid disposishenments lak angels, dat I did, honey!

Yassum, honey, I'll git to de cleanin' riaght away. . . . What you-all aimin' to go at fu'st, ma'am? . . . Wash out de cupboa'ds? . . . Yassum. . . . I'll jus' git ready, Miss Alley.

(*Pantomimes taking off coat and hat, and hanging them up. Takes time about it. Opens bag and takes out apron which she puts on.*)

Yassum, I'll git the watah ready. . . . Yassum, I allus lak to use dat in de watah, too, Miss Alley. . . . I allus uses dat whah folks rents de houses. . . . Sometimes when dey owns dem thei'selves dey won't let me, but it saves lots of elbow grease, an' dat's no lie!

(*She gets pail and pours water into it, makes suds, etc.*)

Now, lissen, honey, hab you-all got a good soft rag dat you don't want? . . . (*Takes rag.*) Miss Alley, honey, you ain't aimin' to use a good rag lak dis, am you? . . . Yassum. . . . Dat shuah am a good rag. You-all allus has the nices' things of anywhahs I wo'ks at. . . . Yassum. Does you hab any ol' clothes, Miss Alley, what you ain't got no use foah? . . . Yassum, I knows you gib me some las' time, and I shoah was proud of dat dress. . . . Laws, honey, you had ought to hab saw me sail up de aisle las' Sunday, yassum. He! he! he! I jes' thought ef you had maybe a

hat you wasn't weahin' jes' now . . . yassum, I wish you all would look fo' me. . . .

I knows I has a lot to do to-day, and I shuah wants to git evahthing all cleaned up foah you-all.

(*She sloshes the rag around in the water, and slowly wrings it out, and starts washing.*)

Yassum, I was to de weddin' las' night. . . . He! he! he! Didn't you-all heah about dat weddin'? . . . Sis Nancy's gal—dat Ma'y Pickfo'd! . . . No'm, she wasn't already married—no'm, she done got huh las' *di*-vorce foah a Chris'mas gif'. Dat's a fac', Miss Alley. . . . What you say, Miss Alley? . . . No'm, huh name ain't Ma'y Pickfo'd, huh name was Ma'y 'Lizy, but she 'low that long as she goin' change it she'd make it Ma'y Pickfo'd. Lots o' folks done tell huh dat she look jes' lak Ma'y Pickfo'd.

(*She washes the woodwork, keeping in motion all the time she talks. Pauses to wring out the cloth in water, occasionally.*)

What, ma'am? Wash de insides, too. . . . Yassum, honey! Do you-all

want de dishes tooken offen the shelves? . . . Yassum, I 'spect you-all bettah do dat—mah hands is wet, and I shuah doan want to break none of dem dishes.

(*She stands and talks all the time while the dishes are removed.*)

I'm tellin' you dat was de swellist weddin' you ebah saw! You had ought to hab saw the decoratings! Dey had papah flowahs all round—no, ma'am! None ob dem ol' real flowahs what ebahboddy am got, but PAPAH ones! Dey had a lot of red ones in de cornah whah dey was to stan'—an' right above dey was one of dem mottles what says "LET US HAVE PEACE!"

Ma'y Pickfo'd woah huh trabbelin' clothes, and had a lace cuhtain on huh haid, besides. . . . Yassum, it was one ob Miss Kinkade's what she had home foah to do. . . . Yassum, she nevah hu't it none. . . . She had on Miss John Horton's white lingering waist, too. . . . Yassum, honey, I'll git right to washin' the cupboa'ds agin.

(*Puts her hands in the water.*)

Lawsy, Miss Alley, dis heah watah done got cold on me. Yassum—I got to heat

it. . . . Ma'am? . . . Get some clean watah? . . . Yassum. . . .

(*She gets teakettle, filling at faucet, then lights gas, and places teakettle over heat.*)

Yassum, I'se goin' to tell you while I wo'ks, honey, 'bout dat weddin', 'cause it sho' was a swell one. . . . You see, Ma'y Pickfo'd had suttinly sabed up a lot of money foah it. . . . Yassum, huh las' husband was shuah a good wo'kah. . . . Why, dat man he brung home so much washin' dat dat gal got so she jes' washed de tails ob huh sheets! It's a fac'! And huh de bes' washer-lady on de block!

Well, we was a-waitin' and a-waitin' fo' de groom, and Ma'y Pickfo'd got maddah and maddah. Dat gal hab shuah got some distempah. Ma'am? . . . Yassum, I 'spects de watah am hot. . . .

(*She fills her pail from the teakettle, then takes soap and makes suds.*)

You see, Mistah Snow, dat's de groom, he hab to go to de city on business, an' Ma'y Pickfo'd realized what she thought dat he wa'n't comin' back. . . . She say dat dis is a weddin' and dat she wants to git mai'ied! He, he, he! Lawsy, I

won't fo'git dat weddin' if I lib to be a hunnerd! Den she ask if any of de colohed gemmen would help out a lady what had sabed up foah a big weddin' an' nobody would—nen finally ole man Johnsing, de widdah-man wid nine chilluns, he say he will. . . . Well, dey gits 'em a new liscence an' hit was done. He, he, he! De knot am tied,—an' den in rushes Mistah Snow. His train had done run offen de track!

Yassum, I guess I got enuff soap in de watah. . . . Yassum, I done see I splashed a little. . . . Yassum, I'm goin' wipe it up.

(*She stoops over and wipes up floor, then moves to the cupboard and starts washing again.*)

Chile, so long as you lib you ain't nebah goin' to see nobody so mad as dat Ma'y Pickfo'd Johnsing! She tried to git de preachuh to on-tie de knot, but we-all had symtomthized wid de groom and kissed de bride. . . .

We shuah had one fine suppah. I eat till I couldn't swallah—we all did, and den dey was a lot lef'. . . . I bet they is de swellist swill dat ebah lef' dat house, dis

mo'nin'. . . . An' I tells you, honey, dat de nex' time Ma'y Pickfo'd gits mai'ied, she gwine to hog-tie de groom dat mo'nin', yassum! He, he, he!

FOR SALE

SCENE 1.—*Dining-room in the* GEORGE THOMPSON *home.*

(*Discovered*—MR. *and* MRS. THOMPSON *at the breakfast table.*)

(MRS. THOMPSON *speaks.*)

Well, I don't care, I think we should sell this place! I don't like it at all. . . . Well, what if I did like it when we bought it, that has been four years. . . . You don't like that automobile you bought four years ago. . . . Well, *I* know you don't, whether you do or not! I know just as well as you do that the first breath of spring will find you parked somewhere on Automobile Row, and for once in your life you will be willing to "Stop, Look and Listen"!

You say that I would enjoy a new car as much as you would? . . . Why, George Thompson, I would not! You know just as well as I do that you would get four-fifths of your pleasure out of telling Sam Bowers how much better the carbuncle on the new one draws, and things

like that. . . . Well, words to that effect, anyway.

The house is good enough for you? Certainly it is. . . . For all you are in it, a box car would do as well. . . . At home as much as most men? . . . Well, we won't argue. . . . No, don't say another word about it. . . . Even if I do have to put up with an old out-of-date house, I'll keep quiet.

Of course all my friends have a large living-room. . . . Well, they do! . . . Well, large living-rooms, then, if you are so particular. It seems that you are more particular about my language than you are about my living-room. . . . No, I'm NOT cross. . . . Well, I can't help it if you are supersensitive. I never was any less cross in my life.

Only, of course, it has been forced upon my attention that you think anything is good enough for me,—so—I know enough to know that I might just as well keep still.

I wish you could see Mrs. Ewing's ironing board. It is built right in,—it opens out to iron on, and then folds right up into the wall. . . . Yes, of course Ellen can put away the ironing board when she

is through with it, but just suppose she left us. . . . Been with us six years? . . . Yes, and all the more reason she will probably leave us.

You want some more coffee? Yes, Ellen does make good coffee, and I don't see how she does it when we don't have any built-in cupboards or anything. . . . Oh, those! Well, if you want to see cupboards, you should see Mrs. Green's. All in soft ivory enamel—and a place for everything!

Mrs. Bartholomew has the most wonderful built-in bookcases. . . . Well, we could *buy* some books, couldn't we? They have wonderful sales, and books look so—refined—or something. Well, my goodness, George, you wouldn't have to read them!

And our old small living-room! And just look at our walls and ceilings—cracked, cracked, cracked! . . . All ceilings get that way? . . . Why, the idea!

Well, I just thought we could sell our place for cash and then turn around and get one we really like—good location and all. . . . Nothing wrong with this location? Oh, NO!

How much more do I expect to put into a house? Why, no more. We will just take the money we get for this one and buy another one. Mrs. Holman's husband is a real-estater and she says that he says that you can get wonderful bargains for cash.

You will put it in a real estate man's hands? Oh, wonderful! Now, life seems like living!

SCENE 2.—*The* GEORGE THOMPSON *home, one month later.*

(*Discovered*—MRS. THOMPSON *and* ELLEN.)

(MRS. THOMPSON *speaks.*)

Answer the door-bell, Ellen. . . . Someone to look at the house? Heavens, I don't even get a chance to change my dress. I think it is ridiculous the way people come in time after time to look at a house. . . . These people haven't been here before? Well, let the real estate man in first.

How do you do? . . . Certainly you may show the house, but it is very inconvenient. . . . Well, you are the fourth man who has brought people here

to-day. . . . You say you have to show it if you sell it? Yes, and if you DON'T! Well, the last people were horrid.

I would not talk about any house the way they did about this one. . . . Well, if they don't like it they don't have to buy it, but they needn't talk so about it. . . . The idea of her objecting because there wasn't a built-in ironing board! I have a friend, Mrs. Ewing, who has one, and she says it wiggles dreadfully, and that it isn't in the right place at all—no light or anything, and that her Stella won't iron on it and she had to buy a real one.

Yes, bring them in. (*Sighs.*)

How do you do? Yes, you may look at the house. . . . This is the living-room. . . . Rather small, you think? . . . Well, we think it is ideal in size —cozy and comfy. You take a big living-room—I have a friend who has one of those big living-rooms, and in the winter it is as cold as a refrigerator!

Beg pardon? . . . No, we don't have a built-in refrigerator. Mercy, no! Such a waste of ice—terrible bills—my, yes!

No, no built-in bookcases. . . .

Well, they make such a lot of work, dusting and all, so we just get our books at the library. One can't read but one book at a time, anyway, and one doesn't care for a book after one has read it. . . .

No, no built-in buffet. . . . Oh, no! Well, of course if you like them built in—but it is so much more artistic to have the dining-room furniture all match, don't you think so?

You will want to look at the kitchen, of course. We have a lovely kitchen—so large and roomy. . . . You want a small kitchen? . . . With built-in cupboards? I see. . . . Well, of course you know what you want. . . . Now, I wouldn't care for that at all. You see, a friend of mine, Mrs. Green, has such lovely cupboards, oodles of them—and all in soft ivory—but she can't keep a maid. They simply refuse to take care of those cupboards. It's just clean, clean, clean all the time.

You don't think you care to look at the rest of the house? You can see that it isn't just exactly what you want? . . . Do you expect to find it—what you want, I mean? Very well. . . . No trouble at all. . . . Good-afternoon.

Well, of all the colossal nerve! Never even looking at the place! Some women are too unreasonable for words! . . . Well, she could have looked at it, anyway! What does she want for her money, anyway, I'd like to know? If she can find a better place than this for the price, I'd like to know where it is! . . . Well, I ought to know, I've looked and I've looked and I've looked! I've looked until I am a wreck. . . . And the way some women act when you go to see the place—as if it were an imposition.

I've been insulted—actually insulted—by some of these women. . . . If I objected to the slightest thing about their houses they didn't like it. If they like their old places so well they'd better keep them, that's all I have to say. . . . And I haven't seen a house that I'd *have* if they gave it to me!

There's the bell again. . . . See who it is?

More people to look at the house? . . . Heavens! No, don't let them in. I don't care if there is a sign up—I wouldn't care if there were forty signs up, this place is *not* FOR SALE!

A SUMMER AFTERNOON

SCENE.—*The front porches of two adjoining homes.*

(*Discovered*—MRS. ALLEN *on her porch.* MRS. WALKER *and daughter* LOUISE, *on their porch.*)

(MRS. WALKER *calls to her neighbor.*)

Mrs. Allen! Did you get your paper this morning? . . . You did? . . . No, he didn't leave ours. I don't know what the trouble was. . . . I wonder if we could borrow yours?—We hate to miss the story! . . .

(*To her daughter* LOUISE.) She won't have it, she'll have some excuse. . . . (*Calls in answer to* MRS. ALLEN.) You are afraid that it has been used for the garbage? . . . No, never mind! . . . Oh, don't bother!

(*To* LOUISE.) She'll not find it! As much as we have done for her!

(*Calls.*) What? . . . You've just put Katie to hunting for it? Oh, you needn't have done that. . . . I was just saying to Louise that you are the most obliging neighbor we ever had.

. . . Headache? . . . That's too bad.

(*To* LOUISE.) If they would go to bed at a decent hour she'd feel better.

(*Calls.*) What? . . . Oh, I was talking to Louise. I just said I hoped you'd soon be better.

(*To* LOUISE.) She was up until two o'clock last night—the light shone right into my room. That always disturbs me. I woke up just as the clock was striking two, and they were still up. I thought I'd never get to sleep again. . . . Of course, they don't think about disturbing the neighbors.

(*Calls.*) What? Had it all night? . . . You say you had to get up about two o'clock for a headache powder? . . . I was just saying to Louise that I thought somebody was sick at your place last night. I saw the light. What do you do for it? . . . Oh, I never take that! . . . It's from your stomach, probably.

(*To* LOUISE.) Her stomach must be made out of cast iron. She goes to parties day and night, and then expects to feel well. She has gone some place every day for a week.

(*Calls.*) Did you say that you have

been going to the dentist? You have? . . . Had to go every day? My, that is awful. . . . Have you been having your teeth fixed? . . . You folks baked to-day, didn't you? . . . I thought I smelled light rolls. . . . I didn't hear! Oh, you say that that is what they were intended for, but the *light* went out? (*Laughs.*) Well, the smell went out, too, for they made us all hungry.

Have you seen Mrs. Pratt lately? . . . Didn't you go to the meeting at her house Monday? . . . Oh, yes, the dentist! . . . Yes, it was a secret meeting, to discuss things that they didn't want told. . . . I didn't go. . . . I am not on that committee. . . . Yes, they brought up the question of membership. . . . Well, they are going to ask Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Hooker. . . . They didn't vote the others in. . . . What? . . . Oh, it will just run along and no one will ever mention it, but they simply won't be asked, that's all. . . .

(*To* Louise.) Do I know why they weren't taken in? . . . Certainly I do. . . . Well, it is rather hard to

explain. . . . Who? . . . Yes, she has good clothes—*too* good! Everything about her is a little too *too,* if you know what I mean. . . . Well, too marcelled, too manicured, too rouged, too extreme! She makes me think of a cake I bought once,—and got stung on—lots of expensive looking frosting, but pretty coarse grained.

(*Calls.*) Do I know whose names were up? . . . Certainly, I do. Mrs. Dorine, Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Smith. . . . Well, they had reasons. . . . They made some new by-laws, too.

(*To* LOUISE.) I suppose I shouldn't have told her that. . . . It will probably go all over town. That woman simply can't keep a secret. . . . If she doesn't tell one person, she'll tell another. . . . I am so conscientious about things like that myself, that it is hard for me to understand people like her.

I don't think much of her permanent wave, do you? . . . I'd surely hate to pay all that money for such a looking thing! You think it looks pretty? . . . You do? . . . Well, I can't see it. She'd better let her hair be straight—that is the way nature intended for it to be.

. . . I put mine up on curlers? . . . Certainly, that is entirely different.

Look, there comes Mrs. Jordan. . . . I hope she is not coming here. . . . I still have that book of hers I borrowed about six months ago. . . . How do you do, Mrs. Jordan? . . . (*They watch her pass.*) Good looking hat, isn't it? . . . Is that another new dress? I believe it is. . . . She is going into Mrs. Allen's. . . . Probably wanting to find out if she knows anything about Monday's meeting. . . . She has the most curiosity of any woman I know. . . . It wouldn't surprise me a bit if Mrs. Allen would tell her all she knows. . . . Well, I am glad my skirts are clear. . . . When I asked Mrs. Aldrich about the meeting, I told her I wouldn't tell. . . . I don't think it pays to peddle gossip around promiscuously.

The way some women tell things, it is no wonder the men laugh. . . . I don't think the men are half as smart as they think they are. . . . The other night when your father came home from a lodge meeting he laughed and laughed, and when I tried to get him to tell me

what he was laughing about, he said it was an initiation, and a lodge secret, and just kept on laughing, and that is every blessed thing I could get out of him. . . . I can't for the life of me see what pleasure they get out of things when they can't even tell their wives. . . . It is so disgusting—and mistrustful! And they are all alike! Mrs. Jordan said she couldn't find out, either! I simply can't understand what pleasure a person can get out of a secret they can't tell anybody!

(*Calls.*) What did you say, Mrs. Jordan? . . . That we look comfortable? . . . Yes, fairly so. . . . Pretty hot, though, don't you think? What? . . . Did I get help? . . . Yes, through the Employment Agency. . . . Just fine—best I ever had. She has cleaned the coffee pot until it looks positively anæmic, and she has changed the linoleum from brunette to blond. . . . Two days a week. . . . I don't think she has any more time, but I'll ask her.

(*To* LOUISE.) She won't go there, though. Mrs. Jordan is so particular that she makes the help wash the woodwork with a tooth brush. . . .

(*Calls.*) What? . . Bridge club?

. . . Why, let me see—oh! Mrs. Stoner has it next. . . . You better plan to go, for she always has splendid eats. Her angel food is a dream. . . . Almost as good as Mrs. Allen's. . . .

(*To* LOUISE.) She is always bragging about it. She said at club that she wouldn't take off her hat to anybody on angel food. . . . Oh, it's not so bad —just average. But you know how some people are about their own cooking. . . . Now, Mrs. Jordan thinks her pumpkin pie is the best ever, but compared to *mine* —well, of course, everybody to their taste!

(*Calls.*) What did you say, Mrs. Allen? Oh, Katie found the paper, and to come over and get it, and have a piece of angel food. (*She gets up.*) . . . Both of us? Lovely!

(*To* LOUISE.) Come along, Louise, and no matter what it is like, *say* that it is lovely!

VIVA AT THE MILLINER'S

SCENE.—*A fashionable millinery shop.*

(*Enter* VIVA *and* HELENE.)

(VIVA *speaks.*)

Yes, something in hats, please. . . . Well, I don't know just what I do want —all black, I think. Helene, how do you think I would look in an all black hat?

(*She sits in front of mirror, removes her hat, fixes hair, and looks around.*)

There's a darling! That all black one right over there—no—no, not that one—no, that all black one—with the violets and the red rose on it. . . . Yes, that is the one!

(*She looks at old hat. Picks it up.*) Just look at this thing I've been wearing! And Dad said I didn't need another hat. Isn't it a fright? Dad went on terribly this time. I began to think that I'd have to go bareheaded for the rest of my life.

In fact, I intimated such. Is your father like that, too? Oh,—is this the same hat? (*To saleslady.*) Well, wait until I fix up a bit. . . .

(*She takes out vanity and powders while she talks.*)

Aren't male parents unreasonable? The way they hang on to their money! . . . Yes, Dad said the same thing—that I run around bareheaded all the time, and that the only time I ever wear a hat is AWAY from the milliner's. . . .

(*To saleslady.*) Yes, put it on me.

(*She looks in glass, then picks up hand mirror, and turns and looks.*)

Um-m-m! Not so good! . . . Yes, the front is O. K., but oh, Helene, look! (*She turns sideways.*) I know my nose isn't as puggy as that makes it look. . . . No, bring something else.

So I showed him a hat I got last year—the one I wore to the high-school picnic the day it rained. It was awful! Then he started in again, and I told him that I was willing to take the blame for many things, but that I do not now, nor did I

ever, cause the rain to descend from above! He just grinned.

(*To saleslady.*) Oh, that's adorable! Isn't that darling? Put it on me, quick!

(*She pulls hat down at one side and looks into glass.*)

Helene, don't you just love me in this? Isn't it the darlingest thing you ever saw in your life? Don't I look just like a combination of all the most beautiful movie actresses you ever saw, taking just their good points?

(*She takes hand mirror and looks at profile.*) My dear, you can scarcely realize that I *have* a nose much less a puggy and inquiring one like mine. (*Giggles.*) Perhaps this ducky hat answers the question it's been asking! (*Dramatically.*) The question before the house, ladies and gentlemen,—(*Giggles.*) I mean before the nose—is—why don't you get that hat, and if not, why not? My dear, I couldn't bear to disappoint my nose that way. I've simply got to have it. How much is it? Oh, mercy! That is just twice what Daddy said I could pay—as the limit. . . . Oh-h-h de-ear! . . . Well, leave it here where I can look at it as long

as possible, and get something else. I suppose you'd better bring me something about half as pretty.

Helene, I'll never feel the same again—never! When anyone wants anything as much as I want that hat it does something to their brain cells—a convolution, or something. Ah! There is another question. Should I let my brain have another convolution, or my Dad have a convulsion?

What? Did I show him my last hat? Helene, have you lost your senses? Of course not! As far as looks go, why, Dad wouldn't see a thing wrong with it. He thinks if a hat isn't all raggedy around the edges that it is a good hat. I have no wish to disparage my father's mental powers, but he has no knowledge whatever of the psychology of the mind of his sixteen-year-old daughter. He doesn't even suspect the value of a hat to my education and general welfare. Helene, how can I learn anything at school, if every conscious moment is given to the thought and desire for a new "bunnet"? Yes, and I'll bet a nickel that the person who wrote that "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet" was a man. No woman would ever THINK of such a thing!

My, she seems to be taking her time. I suppose I should have had her take that precious little hat away. The more I look at it—oh, we-ell! There she comes.

No, I don't care for that in the least! If I were asked to choose a hat I *didn't* want, I am sure that is the one I'd take. Well, give it here. (*Puts hat on.*)

Oh, take it away.

(*Hands it back to saleslady, and reaches for* THE *hat.*)

Helene, price or no price, it would be a crime against civilization for me to pass up this hat! No one but a cruel-hearted miser could begrudge it to me! I shouldn't be so unjust to my only father as to doubt his willingness to give me this acute pleasure. . . . Why, I know Dad would be good and sore if I didn't get this hat—he would feel that I did him and his kind and generous feelings an injustice. . . . Anyway, I hope he would!

Of course, he was a trifle explicit about the amount of money I've spent lately. . . . I did promise to economize for a year when he bought me my squirrel coat.

(*Giggles.*)

Helene, I never told even you about that. Well, I begged and I begged and I pleaded, and I wasn't getting anywhere with it. I just *had* to have that coat, so I decided to earn it for myself. I answered an ad to "earn money at home." I thought to myself that I'd surprise them by walking in on them attired in a beautiful squirrel coat that I'd bought for myself. Dad always says that I haven't the remotest idea of the value of a dollar!

Well, this was addressing envelopes. My dear, life is full of such awful things. Listen! They came—these envelopes, and a list of names to be written on them. I sat me down at Mother's new mahogany desk, and I worked and I worked and I worked! No galley slave ever pulled a more wicked pen—or words to that effect. I was using Dad's new fountain pen and it quit writing. I thought it was out of ink, so I pulled down that little doo-dingus—and bloo-ey!

Helene, there were gallons of ink in that little thing! It went on the wall, and on that new piece of Chinese embroidery of Mother's. I left the scene of destruction, lingering only long enough to gather my papers together. I went to the dining-

room and sat down at the table. I took a pen—an ordinary pen,—the kind that drips—and it *did!* On Mother's new Italian cut work cloth. I tried to save it and I knocked the bottle of ink over on the rug!

Dad heard the whole sad story when he came home that night—the whys and especially the wherefores. I then asked to be allowed to go down-town and work at his desk, but he said an absolute NO. He said that his home had been wrecked, and for pity sake to leave him something!

My arm ached terribly, and Dad made me send the stuff back. I had to pay the postage, because I didn't finish them, so when I got paid for my work I found that I was out only twenty-seven cents. . . . Out of my allowance! I promised to economize for a year.

But goodness, a year is an age. . . . Why, a year from now I won't even be sixteen! I'll be nearly an old maid. The hat would probably be too young looking for me. Besides the hat will probably be gone by that time.

(*To saleslady.*) Do you think you will have this hat in a year from now? . . . You don't? . . . Oh, someone com-

ing in right away to look at it. . . . You 'phoned one of your regular customers? . . . I see. . . . You couldn't promise to hold it for her? . . . You are sure she will take it when she comes?

Well, Dad has a card up in his office which says—" DO IT NOW! " And another one that says " NEVER PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU SHOULD DO TO-DAY! "

Yes, I'll take it. Send it out to R. B. Heil, 5439 Hamstead Ave.

Oh, yes! I forgot! I spent the money Dad gave me for my hat for these precious new slippers, so *charge it,* please!

BACK FROM NATURE

SCENE.—*Two adjoining porches of a large apartment house of the "flat" variety.*

(*Discovered*—MRS. O'SHAUNESSY, *sitting on her own steps, resting.*)

(*Enter* MRS. CASEY, *who comes out on her porch to hang up a dish-towel to dry.*)

(MRS. O'SHAUNESSY *speaks.*)

Good-marnin', Mrs. Casey! An' how is the worrld a-tratin' ye this foine day? An' is it your Maggie has the new job she was afther a-wantin' at the doime sthore? Well, shure, an' wid the swate smoile of her an' the pink chakes of her she ought to git along foine at the music counter, aven if she can't sing—which of course she can. . . . 'Tis true, an' ye can hardly blame her for not loikin' thim, fer ye know yersilf that where the rid grows roight IN a gurrl's chakes it don't look natural at all at all, anny more.

Did I go to the policemen's picnic yisterday, be ye a-askin'? That I did not!

It was the furst wan I iver missed an' the last wan I'll iver attind, onless they change the locality of the sights. I stayed the day roight in me own home, an' roight thankful I was I had wan. . . . Ye see, Mrs. Casey, I was recuperatin' from a trip fer me health!

Well, it was loike this, Mrs. Casey. This be Friday—well thin, it was on Tuesday—an' phwat wid havin' an extra big lot to ate at noon, us havin' a pork roast an' all. . . . An' so along about four o'clock I wint over to the dilicatissin, an' me not bein' very hungry on account of me havin' aten the pound box of candy that the McCarthy boy brung over to Katie on Sunday noight, an' her a-savin' it loike she does. . . . Well, as I said I ate the whole box, an' I was goin' to have the stew fer supper, and the rist of the pork roast, and shure, it samed that I had no appetite at all at all fer it. I knowed thin that I was not a well woman, but I am nivir wan to give up, so I goes over to the dilicatissin loike I says. I was lookin' around and I saw some crame chase, and us not afther a-havin' any fer so long I takes half a pound, and I stharted to go, thin I saw some of thim

little dried herrings, and afther the candy I had aten they looked so good an' salty that I took some of thim, and of course I would have to git a few dill pickles to go with the herring, an' whin I got home I thought I would just taste thim to see how they tasted, and do you know, Mrs. Casey, I was that hungry an' didn't know it, that I ate the whole thing! I knew I hadn't felt so good, but I didn't know that I was afther stharvin' mesilf to death was the raison.

Well, purty soon Tim and the byes and Katie got home and we had the rist of the stew and the pork roast and a few praties, an' I jest only had a couple of pieces of mince pie, was all.

Well, Mrs. Casey, believe me or not, I had a awful noight, an' I got sicker and sicker, until finally we called in Dr. Murphy, and he asked fer to know phwat was wrong, but all I could say was "Oh, de-ear! Oh, de-e-e-ear!" over an' over.

Well, Dr. Pat gave me some black medicine, and the minite I tasted it I knowed I'd soon be well, fer of all the things I iver put into me mouth!—but that wasn't the worrst of it. . . . No, indade. Fer, would ye believe phwat I till you, Mrs.

Casey? He asked Tim was there anny place in the counthry where I could go for a month's rist. He said the noise an' the jangle of the city was complately exhaustin' me nervous condition. . . . Then Tim thought of his cousin Moike.

No, I know ye've niver hearrd of Moike —it's not because we are exactly ashamed of Moike, er annything loike that, but—well, cousin er no cousin, Moike is peculiar. Listen while I till ye. Whin they all came to this country to oncet, and the ither byes all got good jobs on the police forrce or carryin' hods er the loike, would ye believe phwat Moike done? He answered an ad fer "Farm Help Wanted." It's ashamed I am to till it, but the truth it is. . . . A person can't help havin' things loike that in the family, but of course we nivir mintioned it. Tim hearrd from him wanst in a while. He married and had a family, and believe me or not, his byes are all a-goin' to the aggri-culture school, which is where they larn ye farmin' at—and thim niver been anywheres else but farming in their loives!

Well, Tim told the Doctor, so Wednesday marnin' I wint out on the cars to the ind of thim, and Moike was there with his

auty, Tim havin' tiliphoned to him. Well, we rode over some pavements and up to his house, which, loike the man that he is he had built way back a good block from the strate, I'm tillin' ye! It was a big white house with flowers and trays all around it, and no more like a home than nothin' at all. I'd jest as soon live in Lincoln Park.

Well, I felt sorry fer thim, but I didn't say annything, fer they was a-thryin' to act as if they thought I loiked it, an' me not wantin' to hurrt their feelin's a-showin' me pity.

Mrs. Casey, I'm a-tillin' ye, there wasn't a dilicatissin fer moiles, ner a grocery sthore in soight. Not that it mattered to me, fer I had been that sick the noight before that I thought I would niver wish agin to place food betwane me teeth.

Well, they wanted to show me about the place, an' they took me to the chicken yard—and I don't know how it is with you, Mrs. Casey, but I want me chickens from the market, where I kin pick 'em out while they're a-hangin' fate up, natural loike!

An' thin they wanted me to see their pigs phwat they had got the blue ribbons on and all that money at the State Fair.

. . . Mrs. Casey, I am a-askin' ye, did ye iver see pigs as they are? Shut up in pins? . . . Ye didn't? Faith, ye kin thank yer lucky stars fer that to yer dyin' day. . . . 'Twas but the noight before that I was that sick from a-atin' pork roast that I filt that I niver again wanted to look a pig in the face—let alone a-visitin' thim in the pin.

Well, finally we sat down to ate—and I wish you could have seen what they gave to me! Dr. Murphy—though why he would do such a thing I don't know, me always a-bein' a friend of his—but he had wrote down on a piece of paper that he wanted me to have plinty of good milk and aigs—and I had 'em. I had a-plinty! They put a tall glass of milk what was half what they called crame by my place, and I took wan swallow! Mrs. Casey, did ye iver thry to drink a glass full of cold olive oil? 'Twas how the milk tasted! It wasn't loike milk at all at all. Thin they brought me in a soft biled aig—an' a waste of toime it was thryin' to ate it—fer all the taste it had I could a bin atin' soft biled *air!* 'Twas a fact!

By noight toime I was that hungry I was wake. I was hungry and I kept

a-gittin' hungrier. Finally I thought I would jist go to bed and go to slape and forgit it.

Was ye iver in the counthry by night? Faith, 'tis bad enough it is by day, but by night it is awful. . . . As fer goin' to slape—ye take me word for it, it can't be done! The quiet of it is that noisy it hurts yer ears!

I lay there and I lay there, and I listened—and just thin the clock struck, and it scared me till I nearly jumped out of bed, I'm tillin' ye! Thin I turned over, and I put me pillow over me head to shut the quiet out. After some hours of this I naded a breath of air, so I removes the pillow and just thin a autymobile over on the road gave a honk, and I'll be no more nervous when it's Gabriel!

Siveral more cinturies passed before the clock struck again, and I'm tillin' ye, Mrs. Casey, if I had passed away that noight, sure it would have been from old age—and me a-waitin' fer the marnin'! About the toime I filt that if I didn't hear an illivated train go by I'd die there was the awfullest sound I iver heard in all me borrn days. Ye have read about the axe murders and things, Mrs. Casey. . . . Well, I

jumped up and I hollered and I yelled, and they all came a-runnin', and when I told thim phwat I had heard,—'tis the truth I am spakin'—they laughed! In me face, Mrs. Casey! It was only what they call a scraach owl an' happens roight along! Thin I found out that the other quare noise, what I thought was somebody bein' slowly choked to death was but the frogs in the pond!

Well, thin they lift me be, an' I got up an' put me clothes on, fer I had made up what was lift of me moind that I'd be fully clothed *if* unconscious whin the ind came! . . . I haven't mintioned it, but the dog had bin howlin'. . . . You yersilf know what that sign is, Mrs. Casey! Well, I sat there and I sat there—all alone by mesilf in the quiet—and thin in the MIDDLE OF THE NOIGHT the *hins* began crowin'! 'Tis a fact!

'Twas a summer noight, but I got colder and colder,—thin sudden-loike I hearrd a stirrin' in the barn, an' an auty truck startin'. I yelled out the windy to wait, an' I grabbed me hat an' stharted. Moike an' his woife came a-runnin' and said 'twas but the hoired man takin' a load of stuff to market, an' they would take me in the

sedan afther breakfast, but I couldn't wait. I got up in the truck seat with the hired man an' we stharted. 'Twas just thray o'clock in the marrnin', an' I niver knew before how long some folks kin dance! 'Twould have been more pleasant in the sedan, but I made me no change of moind. I wanted to go home, an' I was goin' home! I wanted to be home where the noise samed quiet-loike, an' not out there where the quiet was noisy.

Mrs. Casey, as I live, I'm tillin' ye I niver was so glad as whin he hit the old town. I got off the truck an' on the cars, an' off the cars an' on a bus, and off the bus an' on the illivated, an' got home jist as the clock was sthrikin' sivin.

They was at breakfast and that su'-prised to see me! I grabbed the coffee pot out of Tim's hand, an' I drank me some coffee and I ate noine flapjacks, and thin I told thim to lave me be, and I wint in an' pulled the bed out in front of the windy where I could hear the paple up an' about their bizniss, an' the illivated go by so noice an' clost I could almost touch it, an' the newsboys a-hollerin', an' all the ither noice sociable noises a body loikes to hear,—an' ivry toime the illivated wint by

I drew a long breath of relafe and rist. Excipt fer goin' to the kitchen fer me males I stayed roight there all day.

Yis, Mrs. Casey, I did, an' as fer the policemen and their annual picnic, if they iver want me attintion on anny of them picnics, they naden't have thim in the counthry, that's all!

AT THE STUDIO MUSICAL

SCENE.—*A crowded studio.*

(*Enter* MRS. MASON, MRS. FERGUSON, *and* MRS. DARWIN.)

(MRS. DARWIN *speaks.*)

How do you do, Mrs. Huston? So lovely of you to have us. We were so delighted to know the treat in store for us. I am simply wild over both of them! Their technique is simply marvellous. For that matter, all these Russians—Italians, you say?—Well, that was just as I was saying, all these Russians and Italians have so much technique and—and—yes, indeed they do. I can scarcely wait until time to hear them.

(*They move on.*)

How do you do, Mrs. Westman? Awful crush here to-night, isn't there? About everybody. Is that Sarcarino over there by the piano? . . . It must be. He is scarcely human looking, so he must be a musician. . . . Oh, my dear! I

don't mean that—but he looks so distinguished—that black beard and all. Like Mephisto, or some of those important foreigners.

Mephisto? Why, certainly he is! He's German, I think—or French! Why, my dear, he is! I remember distinctly hearing him,—he had one of the leading rôles in Faust. Don't you remember that one? . . . Where the girl had such long yellow hair? I said to George going home that night that if she ever lost her voice she could make a good living as an ad for some hair tonic. Men will spend any amount of money for something they know won't help, just on a chance that it might. . . . Is it the German or the French people who have the light yellow hair? . . . Well, maybe it *was* Swedish.

(*She waves her fan slowly as she talks.*)

Isn't it amusing the way she pretends to know all the important musicians? . . . I know that she is president of the music club, but it was her clothes that did it. Give me her dressmaker, and I could be president of anything! Money, my dear, money! . . . Oh, yes, of course she

has some brains—but when you come to that, who hasn't?

Notice that fire screen! Wonderful, isn't it? . . . Why, yes it is—hand made—hand embroidered. I happen to know because the woman who made it lives in New Mexico or Montana or some of those places, and they have an artist colony there. This is an Indian design and means —well—something. I heard her tell all about it when she was here, and all those little curlycues mean something in particular. It was so perfectly thrilling and she told about it in such an enthralling way that I'll never forget it. . . . See those little clouds there—well, of course they don't look like real clouds, but I'm pretty sure they are, embroidery clouds, that is—well, they mean famine—or the war dance—or no—let me see—I believe they mean rain. Anyway it was too interesting for words and I'll never forget it.

Sh-h-h-h! They are going to begin. I do hope the people will be quiet. You know that so often at these musical affairs it is terrible. I won't say anything, but I know that if I couldn't keep still I would either stay home or go there. It is positively rude.

(*She listens and fans for a very short time, then says in a loud whisper, gradually getting her voice louder, the following paragraph.*)

What do you think of her voice? . . . Ye-es, I—well, of course it must be good, they make records of it. I think her dress is ridiculous, though, don't you? Imagine a woman as large as that wearing American Beauty velvet. Makes me think of the little old red school house on the hill. . . . Oh, she is through.

(*She applauds vigorously.*)

Didn't take much for an encore, did it? You think she is wonderful? Why, of course, my dear, we *all* do. That is why we are here.

Did you notice that funny looking flower she had stuck in her hair when she bowed? Of course it was there all the time, but did you notice it when she bowed? Any schoolgirl should know better than that. What is she singing now? . . . Sort of pretty swing to it, don't you think?

Heavens, what a big mouth she has! Of course she has to open it to get such tones

out, but—well, if she ever looked in the glass she would have smaller tones, that's all.

Where are you going, Mrs. Mason? You want to hear part of the music? My dear, you don't mean to say that you can't hear here? . . . Well, your ears must be in terrible condition. Those last notes nearly split my ear drums.

Well, we'll move over then. . . . You don't want to talk during this song? Well, of course not! Nobody can enjoy music and have a constant jabber all the time. . . . I wouldn't say a word if I were you.

(*Applauds, fans slowly and looks around.*)

Look, Mrs. Ferguson! Mrs. Mason has pushed clear through and looks as if she might be going to climb on to the piano. . . . You say she is especially fond of music? . . . Well, we all are. . . . Did you hear what she said she was going to sing next? Oh, I am so sorry. There is so much confusion, and I do so like to know what I am hearing. . . . You think you might know if you ever got a chance to hear it? My dear, don't let these

people bother you—they will talk all the more if they see they are annoying you. Anyone who does such a thing has no feeling, you know.

Why, you had an actual wrinkle between your eyes! Better do something for it to-night before you go to bed, and don't let them get started. I have some of the best stuff now that I ever used. I got it from a woman who was over sixty years old, and I give you my word she didn't look a day over twenty-five.

Why, my dear, she *must* be sixty—well, she SAYS she is, and no living woman of twenty-five would say she was sixty just to sell a jar of face cream at five dollars a jar! She was a little Irish girl—woman, I mean.

My, how atrocious! I mean Mrs. Charing's gown! And with all their money, too. You like it? . . . You DO? That ingénue thing! Why, it looks straight from the dear old farm, and you might expect her to swing a pail and start singing "I'm going a milking, sir, she said!"

What? Just in from Paris? The most expensive design this season? Well, now that I look at it closely, I can see that it

has style. That is one thing you can always be sure of when you get a Paris label —everyone will know it at a glance.

Well, she's through, finally, and now the man will give a piano solo. . . . Oh, look, it is that modest looking little fellow—well! It really is! Why, that other man has " musician " written all over him. Who can he be? . . . WHAT! The private detective to guard against any robbery?

Well, I felt there was something queer about him from the start. He looks so much like a poet. . . . My dear, I've seen oodles of poets. Of course, this man does have his tie tied properly—so of course he couldn't be a poet. You can always tell.

(*She applauds vigorously.*) My, but he has a lot of strength for a small man, don't you think? It is really marvellous. I don't see how he can play like that and have such a close hair cut, do you? I always thought they had to wear it long.

That is a pretty little thing, isn't it?

(*She fans and moves head as if keeping time.*)

I hope we get to meet him afterwards.

I always like to meet these foreign people —even if I can't pronounce their names. The worst of it is I don't usually know them when I read about them in the papers. Of course I know Heifritz and Keesler and Sally Gurcu, and all those people.

Let me see, what did the invitation say that this man's name is? . . . Oh! . . . Did you ever hear of him before? . . . Oh, you did? Well, I just wondered. Of course I am not really up on music like I am on literature—and the sciences—and things.

He's through! (*Applauds.*) Do you suppose that is all he is going to play? . . . Well, let's move over where we can get an introduction.

Do you suppose she will serve refreshments? I hope so, for I had to hurry my dinner dreadfully, and I'm simply famished.

Well, you see I had two dresses sent out on approval, and I just couldn't make up my mind which one I wanted. Do you like this one? . . . Well, I thought I did, but it looks rather sophisticated. . . . You see, my dear, the newest thing is simplicity—straight from Paris.

So I think I'll let them take it back. . . . Certainly they will—they will be glad to. . . . Well, they will have to, anyway—I don't care for this style—and I had it charged.

Oh, push in there! (*They move forward.*) So pleased to meet you! It was wonderful! We have had the pleasure of hearing many splendid musicians, but tonight has excelled anything it has ever been our good fortune to hear. I do hope that you will remain in America that our musicians may learn something of your wonderful technique! Marvellous! Everyone is remarking about it—simply carried away! Why, there wasn't a sound—you could have heard a mouse, really! I think that is the test. It has been wonderful—UNFORGETABLE! (*They move on.*)

Don't you suppose they are going to serve anything? What do you say that we round up a real crowd and go some place for some food. I am FAMISHED! Somehow, when one is so wrapt and attentive one gets simply starved. Let's say goodbye now.

(*To hostess.*) So kind of you to ask us, Mrs. Huston. Wonderful evening, simply wonderful!

(*To friend as they move on.*) Let's make our get-away while there is a crowd. If there is nothing to eat, I'm ready right now!

BETTY JANE AND THE BIG AFTERNOON

W'y,—w'y, we wented! I wented, too! I bet you! W'y,—yesterday my daddy camed home just purt near as soon as he eated lunch, almost, and he said to my mamma, w'y, he said, now—

"Let's go to the show. There wasn't much doing, so I thought I'd come home after you, and we could have a big afternoon—a regular spree like old times,—and Betty Jane can stay with Clara," my daddy said.

An' I said,—w'y, I said, "I'm going to go! I'm going to go!"

An' my mamma said, "Now, hush! You are not going!"

An' my daddy said to me, "You keep quiet. You are not going!" And my daddy said to my mamma, "It's time that kid learned she can't go everywhere with us!"

Then my own mamma said that she knew it and that I was old enough to know it. And they ist talked!

An' I said, " I am *going!* I AM going! I AM going! "

An' they *both* said, " No! Now hush! Do you want to get spanked again? "

An' I said, " I AM going," and I kept saiding it, and I hollered it, and I kicked and I squealed—and I ist act awful! So we wented! An' my daddy say I ought to be ashamed—but I oughtn't. My daddy and my mamma is the one what ought to be ashamed, 'cause if they had let me go to start with like I know they will if I holler loud enough, nen, w'y, I wouldn't 'a' hollered and kicked any, 'cause then I wouldn't need to holler and kick. Nen they go blame me! That's ist the way daddys and mammas always act, I bet you.

Nen I had to have my face washed to get the tears off—and my nose blowed! Why, my daddy even had to get out his handkerchief and blowed my nose when we get into the auto, I had had to holler so!

Nen we started! But we didn't go. We all got into the auto and—we didn't start. My daddy got out and wented around and lifted one side of the little house what sticks out in front, and he

poked around and said WHISPERS to hisself, and nen he put it down and he wented around and lifted the other side,—and he told me to keep out of his way, 'cause I'd got down to help him, an' nen he took a little string what he said was a loose infection and he pushed it, an' nen he got in the auto an' tried it and it wented!

So my daddy wented in to wash his hands, and I ist pushed the little thing—an' nen I ist pushed some other things, and I pulled some just to help my daddy, an' nen my nose itched, an' I scratched it, an' my mamma called me to come get in, but I didn't, and my daddy comed out an' he put the little side of the house down, an' he got in and looked around, and called so I ist hurried like anything.

Nen, when he went to shut the door, w'y, nen my daddy looked at me, and he say:

"For the love of black cats! Look at her face!"

An' it wasn't hardly any dirty—ist a little black around my nose what I got off my hands when my nose itched. I guess I got to scratch my nose when it itches, I guess.

My daddy he don't grin his eyes at me

none like he allus does. He take me to the house and he washes my nose clear off, purt near. My, he ist rub awful! An' my hands, too! My daddy he ist act like he purt near didn't care if he hurt me! Nen he got a towel and he rubbed some more,—lots harder than I bet he have to, 'cause I can wipe my own face, anyway.

Nen we wented out and we got in the auto, and nobody grinned at nobody, like they always does. But we was ready!

My daddy was ready, and my mamma was ready and I was ready—but we didn't start! We ist sat!

My mamma say, "Now what?" And my daddy ist BREATHED and look at me. But I had ist helped him push things around. An'—so—he get out and he lift the little side of the house and —— Well, he say something to my mamma, and she shake me good. Nen *nobody* say *nothing* —an' they ist keep on saying it. My daddy pushed and pushed—and come try again, but we don't go. And he keep pushing and come trying and I ist get *so* tired a-settin' an' I want to get out and help, and my mamma won't let me.

Nen—it goes—ist a poppin'—like—like

—you know the popper things that popped on the Fourth of July. Ist that-a-way. An' my daddy say we will go anyway, but we will maybe cause a police riot or something. An' he ist lets it go pop while he goes in to wash his hands all over again, but he ist hurry like anything, 'cause the poppin' was a-goin' like one time when my mamma pop corn in a corn popper, an' it was lots of poppin', an' nen purty soon, w'y, nen, they was ist a little poppin'. When my daddy heard such a little baby poppin', w'y, w'y, he ist comed a-runnin', and got in. Nen we started an' we ist got to where the street-cars is at,—an' one track goes this way an' one track goes *this* way, an' we got right there, an' we stopped! Nen the cars comed, the street-cars did, from ever'where. Nen a lot of men comed and pushed us a little ride—an' nen they quit an' never pushed us no more. Nen my daddy got out an' went to a drug store, and he comed out an' he say he had 'phoned for help, and should he call a taxi, or did we want to go with him and go from wherever we was at. An' that is ist what we did. An' a man camed with a funny little auto and he tied a something on our auto, an' nen he ist

pulled us like I pull my train. Nen we purty soon got there.

We got out an' my daddy looked at his watch—an' he say the show is over. Nen he say, " What's the use? " and we all get into a street-car and wented home to eat our dinner purty soon.

Nen my daddy say, " Some afternoon —some spree! "—An' he ist don't look like I know whether I know what he mean.

So I ist climb up on his knee and I pull his ear, an' I muss his hair awful—an' I ist laugh and laugh and laugh; 'cause I ain't never been pulled like a little train before, and I is ist as tickled, so I say:

" Didn't we have a fine time, Daddy? Don't you wish we could ist get pulled around on a string *ever'* day? "

Nen my daddy grin at me and shine his eyes at me, and kiss me on the end of my nose, an' it didn't have no grease at all on it, and he laugh and say:

" Well, Betty Jane, not quite *every* day," he say.

BETTY JANE'S VIEWS OF RURAL LIFE

Why, once one time, I bet you don't know where I was? I was to where the country is at—ist country—an' more country,—an' trees—an' wheats—an' corns—an' cows—an' no houses nowheres, no people's houses, purt near, 'cept the house where my Aunt Lucy live at,—an' they was the cows' house and the horses' house an' the auto's house an' the chickens' house an' the pigs' house—an' they wasn't no apartment house for persons—just one for the cows and horses.

I bet they got the funniest elevator you ever did see on the cows' house. . . . An' up-stairs is where the cows' groceries is at—part of them. . . . An'—an' I watched them put it up—an'—a big funny looking old elevator thing comed down an' picked up a lot of grass an' pulled it right up! Yes-sir! An' the cows don't get to ride on the elevator none—just the grass rides up! Nen—I bet you you don't know something! Why, what do you think? Why, when the grass is down-

stairs it is grass, and when as soon as it rides up on the elevator, why, nen it ain't grass—it's HAY! Yes-sir! My Cousin Bob he say so!

An' cows eat it—an' corn—an'—things! They eat—something else, too. They is a little tall round house, what looks ist like a little fat, tall stick of candy—but it isn't. It's a silent—or something!—an' they put the little corn trees in it, an' I saw them, an' nen the cows eat that. An' it takes lots of things for the cows to eat—but I never did see where they kept the cows' chewing gum! I bet I missed that house!

An' I saw a *smoke* house, and they wasn't any smoke there, either!

Oh, I ist saw lots of things, I bet you—an' I drank milk—an' eat fried chicken—an'—an' I got all the livers I could eat—an' gizzards! I ist eat an' eat an' eat—an' pie an' cake an' more milk—till I ist bust, purt near,—so we ist walk around to see things.

An' I saw the big cows and the baby cows what isn't cows anyway, 'cause they is calfs! An' the baby horses is colts and the baby chickens is chickens! An' I held one! Oh, my! It was nice! It ist felt like a little teddy bear with a breathe in

it! It was ist as soft, I bet you! I ist held it right up to my face, and it was nicer than my mamma's fur coat that my daddy said purt near bust the government, an' my mamma's fur coat is purt near the nicest thing they is, I bet you, for to rub! An' she tell me before we go to church 'at I mustn't never rub that coat ANY, an' so I ist slip my hand back along the seat, and I ist look straight at the preacher—an' RUB! Seems like I is ist *got* to rub that coat! An' that is ist the way the chicken is—the baby chicken!

An' I saw the baby cats what are kittens —an' ist as cute—an' they mamma wash they face, an' I saw her—an' I 'spect she never did know we was a-comin' or she had it all washed. An'—an'—I like the kittens best of anything—purt near! An'—an'—why, when you rub the kittens they ist wave they tails at you an' they ist stick they little backs 'way up—an' BUZZ! My, they ist buzz the most, an' I held one up for my daddy to listen to, and he say, "My, my, the old motor is hitting on all six,"—an' the kitten wasn't a-hittin' at all, it was ist a-rubbin'. My, I ist like the kittens best of purt near anything—'less it was the puppies!

Oh, they was the cutest puppies—they was COLIC puppies, an' they mamma was a colic dog, an' ist as nice! An' the little puppies ist fall down an' tumble over all the time, an' I ist laugh, an' laugh—an' one chewed my shoe! It did! An' they went with us to see the baby pigs—but I ist don't like the pigs so well. They ist grunt an' grunt an' don't pay no attention —an' I ist bet I know something! I ist bet they mamma never did give them their Saturday night bath, I bet you!—Nor *any* time! An' I don't like it there so very much, an' we left.

An'—an'—why, we saw them get the milk from—from—where they get it! An' my daddy said he could get the milk, an' my uncle he ist laughed at my daddy, so he got my daddy a bucket an' a little chair to sit on—an' daddy worked it! An' it was all fuzzy, 'cause I drinked some! And the cat! We both drinked—an' the pup! An' we ist had the bestest time—an' the old cow pulled her tail around an' hit my daddy's eye—an' he said—something, an' he quit! An' my uncle he pumped the rest of the milk as fast as anything!

An' purty soon my daddy say it is time to go home—an' I don't want to go! An'

if I have to go home, nen I want to take to our house a baby chicken—an' a baby cat —an' a puppy dog an' a cow to pump the fuzzy milk from—an' my daddy won't let me! An' so I ist run away from them an' I go sit on the porch ist as mad as I can! An' I bet you they'll be sorry some day, 'cause when I get big I'll make a chocolate cake an' I'll put frostin' on it THAT thick —an' I ist won't let them have ANY, I bet you!

An' purty soon the colic pup come to where I was a-sittin' at on the porch—an' it chewed my shoe some more, an' it stumble around an' it falled an' rolled down the steps, an' getted up an' it ain't hurted any at all, 'cause it ist wag its little tail purt near clear off. Why, it ist wag its little tail so much it purt near wag the whole puppy, I bet you! An' I ist laugh an' laugh! An' my daddy comed to get me— 'cause I forgot an' laughed out loud so big —an' I *won't* go—an' I ist won't go, either! But I did! I ist had to, so when I cried an' hollered like I can almost always get what I want—why, my daddy he ist picked me up, an' he grinned to my uncle, an' asked could we come back again to the country purty soon, and my uncle

he say he should say so! So we is goin' back out, 'cause we want to. An' maybe next Sunday, I bet you, 'cause I told my daddy that I never did get to see the pigs' mamma curl their little tails, I bet you!

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